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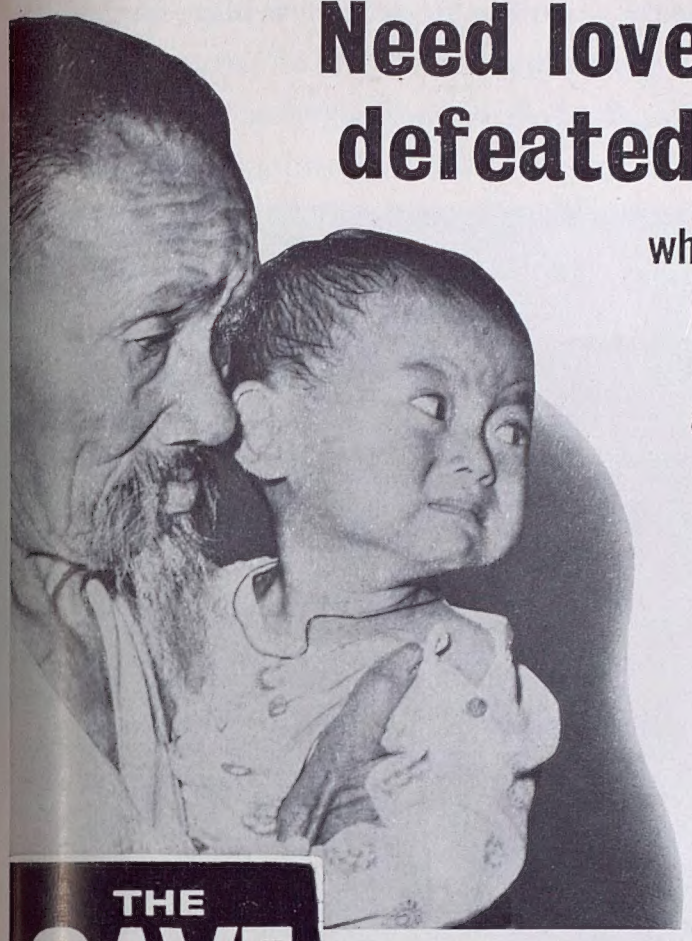

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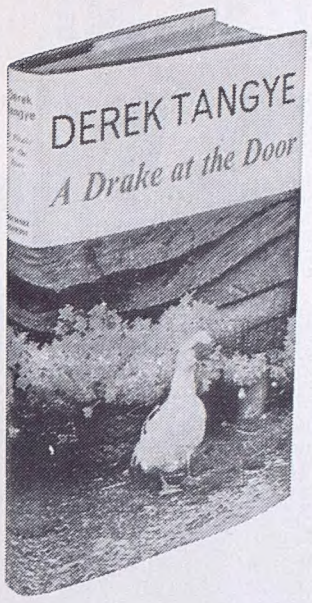

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Volume CCLV No. 3317 LONDON, December 28, 1963

THE SPHERE

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A BREACH IN THE WALL AT CHRISTMAS

West Berliners, having queued for hours in the snow and freezing weather, file applications to visit relatives in East Berlin over the Christmas period. After a series of meetings, the West Berlin Senate and the East German Communist regime agreed to disregard political issues and sign undertakings to allow West Berliners to cross through the Wall. It was stated that the passes, valid for one day, would be available until January 5. This was the first time since the building of the Wall in August, 1961, that West Berliners could officially see relatives at Christmas time. On the first day applications could be made, over 24,000 people obtained forms from special offices in West Berlin

A SURVEY OF 1963

480 *There can be no doubt that the most important event in 1963 in the life of everybody was the assassination of President Kennedy on November 22. Taking this as accepted, each member of* The Sphere *team of external affairs experts gives a brief opinion on what else was of outstanding importance in his particular field.*

President John F. Kennedy "left a characteristically bold stamp upon the course of world affairs"

THE COMMONWEALTH

The word of the year in the Commonwealth has been "Federation." In September, in the face of Indonesian hostility, the colonies of Sarawak, North Borneo and Singapore joined with already-independent Malaya to form the Federation of Greater Malaysia. The Sultanate of Brunei chose to opt out, following the Indonesia-succoured revolt late in 1962. Malaysia's date was delayed for a fortnight when Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Federation's Prime Minister tried to secure Indonesia's acceptance of the new state. The Tunku agreed to a U.N. mission to make sure that the peoples of the Borneo colonies really wanted the federation. But the satisfactory result of this has not to date produced any change in Indonesia's attitude of "confrontation."

The Malaysia project was all the bolder as, while it was being assembled, another federation was foundering in Central Africa. At the end of March was announced what had been expected since the reports of Lords Devlin and Monckton, and had been a certainty since the principle of Nyasa secession was conceded in December, 1962. This was that the Federation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would be formally wound up at the end of 1963 after ten years of existence. It had been killed by the suspicions of its majority African population of the intentions of the white settlers in the Southern territory. The remainder of the year has seen a surgical "unscrambling" of all the Federation's functions, and the hopes of multi-racialism in Africa pinned to the African leaders Kaunda and Banda, or to newly independent Kenya to the north. Independence for Southern Rhodesia remains a point of tension and, if Mr Sandys pursues his suggestion for a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference on the subject, could be an issue to make or break the Commonwealth in 1964. It could also, for the British Government, be the way out of what is at the moment an almost insoluble problem. **Kaye Whiteman**

WESTERN EUROPE

If we set aside the tragedy—or lunacy—of Kennedy's assassination, the most important event for Western Europe in 1963 was undoubtedly the exclusion of Britain from the Common Market.

Mr Macmillan's Government had committed itself to joining the Common Market, and Mr Heath worked hard to accomplish this, subject to certain basic safeguards for the other members of EFTA and the Commonwealth. So skilfully did he negotiate at Brussels, making every reasonable concession to French demands, that General de Gaulle finally had to show his hand by stating in his broadcast of January 14 that, in effect, he would not have Britain in the European Economic Community at any price, because Britain was (*a*) insular and (*b*) world-wide in its interests. The two things are not as contradictory as they look: it is the fact that Britain is an island that has created both the Commonwealth and what we are not allowed to call the special relationship with the United States.

A number of consequences flowed from de Gaulle's action. It was a heavy (and perhaps not uncalculated) blow to the British Tory Party, but they will survive this. It was also a blow to Nato, and to the United States' conception of an Atlantic Alliance based on the interdependence of the West. The most serious consequences have been inside the EEC itself.

France's partners did not agree with de Gaulle's veto, but it was assumed that they would soon get over their annoyance and go on with the building of the Community, because the Six are all linked in bonds of common self-interest. But de Gaulle's bid for Franco-German hegemony in an inward-looking continental system has aroused more opposition than was expected. As 1963 ends, the Common Market is still a house divided, and it is far from certain that de Gaulle's Grand Design will ever be realised.

This policy depended largely on the tight Franco-German alliance negotiated between President de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer. With the retirement of Adenauer, and a new policy in Bonn, things have altered. De Gaulle is getting less and less support for his policies from the Germany of Dr Erhard, and that is the most important factor in the situation which he created on January 14, 1963. **George Gretton**

DEFENCE

British defence policy, which has a vital bearing on Nato, began 1963 under the impact of the decision to scrap Skybolt, the airborne nuclear missile, and the decision to replace it by the Polaris weapon to be fired from submarines, to be ready by about 1970. There was great discussion about this and about whether these weapons from the United States, with submarines of American design, could really be called a British independent deterrent. In the meantime, in an effort to bridge the gap between the obsolescence of the nuclear V-bombers and the Polaris submarines, work is going ahead on the controversial TSR 2 which its supporters claim is a flexible weapon and can be used both as a conventional aircraft and as an H-bomber.

A further attempt to achieve this same flexibility is represented by the decision to lay down a new large aircraft carrier of 50,000 tons, capable of flying-off H-bombers or of providing air support for conventional offshore operations. While arguments about the need for this ship were going on, smaller ships of the same type have been operating in Malaysian waters and, from time to time, standing by in various emergencies off the coasts of Arabia.

Army recruiting has not been completely satisfactory, but with a General Election in the offing neither UK party has talked about "selective service," although all other Nato European countries, as well as the United States, apply it.

The total of the United Kingdom arms budget rose from £1,384·5 million for 1962-63 to £1,426 million for 1963-64 and seems fated, election or no election, to go higher still.

In theory there is not yet agreement between the two parties on the subject of defence policy in relation to Nato and other international defence commitments, but both sides are getting less and less freedom of manoeuvre as they are faced by economic and political realities. It is not yet clear what will happen, but there are times when it seems as likely that Sir Alec Douglas-Home will be forced to abandon nuclear weapons as Mr Wilson will be obliged to retain them, no matter what they or their supporters would prefer to do. **David Woodward**

AMERICA

John F. Kennedy, the brilliant thirty-fifth President of the United States, held office for less than three years, but he has left a characteristically bold stamp upon the course of world affairs. To surmount the Cuban crisis of 1962 called for supreme self-control at an instant of almost unbearable tension, and for a careful judgment upon the balance of international forces that is granted to few men of State. John F. Kennedy had the courage and qualities of mind to match the event, and we are all in his debt for his decisiveness.

His successor in office is pledged to the continuance of Kennedy's policies, and America's friends in Europe and elsewhere know that they can rely on this promise. But the techniques of fulfilment may in future be varied in ways not yet foreseeable. President Kennedy had a highly cerebral and analytic approach to politics which was welcome to allies accustomed to the fluffier goodwill of some of his predecessors. His processes of logic, however, were not easily accepted in his own country, and he won his election over Mr Nixon in 1960 by the narrowest of margins. In contrast, President Lyndon B. Johnson is a pragmatist of the first order, who has always listened closely to America's heart-beat.

Deep in Texas there are still grass roots, and Mr Johnson springs from them. By experience, he knows how to play upon the strings of power in Washington. Always an ambitious man, he has long nourished a desire to reach the highest executive post in the Western world. Now that he has attained it, and may possibly hold it for as many as nine more years,

the world as well as Washington awaits the nuances that will distinguish his administration. For though the principles of conduct remain the same, there will certainly be Johnsonian differences in the manner of carrying them out. In 1964 we shall see: **Alan Hodge**

SOVIET COMMUNISM

You might compare Mr Khrushchev this year to the driver of a troika. His three horses have been: the Soviet people, China and the Western Powers. Sometimes one has run well and sometimes another, but never all together.

At the beginning of the year, Mr Khrushchev was struggling to get the Soviet intellectuals under control; they were trying, as he thought, to ape Western manners, to paint abstract pictures and to accuse their fathers of being "squares" or, still worse, "Stalinists." Further he was trying to defeat the Chinese bid for leadership of the Communist world by showing himself more Marxist-Leninist than Mao Tse-tung. Finally, after his climb-down over Cuba, President Kennedy had offered him the chance of agreement with the West which, however, he could not seize without giving an advantage to the Chinese in their ideological argument that he was appeasing the American imperialists.

By the spring meeting of the Central Committee Mr Khrushchev had his troika under better control. The Soviet intellectuals had been sufficiently disciplined. It had become clear that Peking was irreconcilable and that no concessions to the Chinese point of view would do any good. There was therefore no longer any obstacle to better relations with the Western Powers and Mr Khrushchev chose to sign the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty.

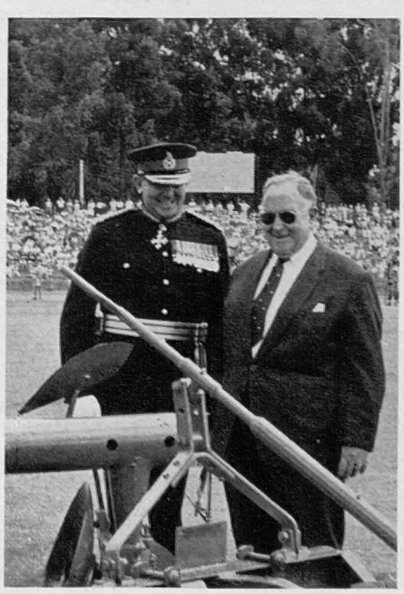
That was for him the peak of the year. The way ahead seemed clear, with the Soviet and Western horses running reasonably in harness and the Chinese left by the wayside. But two disasters blocked this smooth course. The Soviet harvest and that of most of Eastern Europe failed, Mr Khrushchev's own Virgin Lands doing worst of all. A wave of discontent swept over the Soviet people, as their expectations of better times were again dashed. It clearly was no time for such a drastic step as a break with China, nor was he in a strong position for further negotiations with the Western Powers, from whom he now required to buy grain and if possible plant for his fertilisers. On top of that came the murder of President Kennedy with whom since Cuba, Mr Khrushchev had established a strange kind of understanding. All was uncertainty again and 1963 leaves Mr Khrushchev as it found him, wrestling with his ill-assorted troika.

For Mr K. then, an up-and-down year, with more downs than ups. **Maurice Latey**

THE ARAB WORLD

Looking back on the Arab world in 1963, one is most likely to remember the military coups which brought the Baath Socialist party to power in Iraq and Syria in the early part of the year, the counter-coup in Iraq in the autumn, and, about the same time in North Africa, the outbreak of hostilities between Morocco and Algeria over their common frontier. At a first glance these events suggest a trend away from rather than towards Arab unity. It was certainly significant that the first concrete move towards inter-Arab unity under the aegis of a party—the Baath—came to grief even more quickly than the previous Egyptian-Syrian experiment under the aegis of a personality—President Nasser. But if there is any moral to this, it is not that Arab unity has become impracticable but that, as individual nation-states develop and become established, the approach to Arab unity has changed. President Nasser has been among the first to recognise this. His recent visit to Bizerta, where he patched up a long-standing quarrel with President Bourguiba of Tunisia, is an example of his peaceful co-existence policy, although there seems little chance that he or the other republican leaders in the Arab world will agree to deal with the Arab hereditary rulers on the same basis of equality.

The dispute between Algeria and Morocco was an example of the ideological conflict which has taken an even more aggressive form in the Yemen. In both cases something like a stalemate has been reached. In both cases an attempt to negotiate a settlement came not from the Arab League, which is ostensibly there for that purpose, but from outside bodies —in the case of Yemen from the United Nations, in the case of the Algerian-Moroccan conflict from other African states. As the year 1963 ends, both are unresolved. It is difficult to see how they can be resolved, unless the new socialist republics are prepared to accept some compromise with the old regimes, to which they are so opposed. So far it is only their common enmity towards Israel that has brought them together. **D. J. S. Thomson**



Above: Mr Chou En-lai, China's Prime Minister, arrives in Cairo for his current African tour

Top left: Four Foreign Ministers in Paris for the Nato Ministerial Council earlier this month are, from left, Mr Butler (UK), Mr Rusk (USA), Herr Schroeder (West Germany) and M Couve de Murville (France). Mr Butler was making his first appearance in Paris as Foreign Secretary

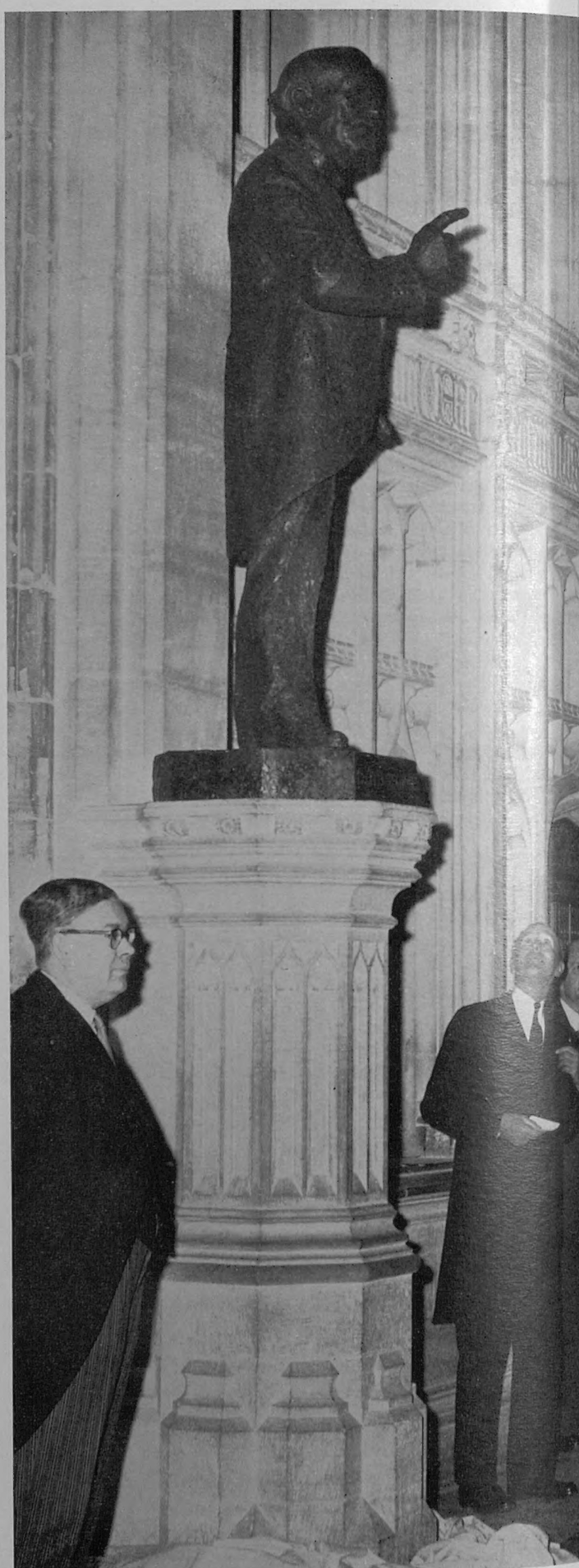
Far left: President Nasser of the United Arab Republic, President Bourguiba of Tunisia and President Ben Bella of Algeria, drive together through Bizerta in the celebrations marking the withdrawal of the French naval forces from the Tunisian port

Left: Sir Roy Welensky at one of the farewell parades for the dissolution of the Central African Federation

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

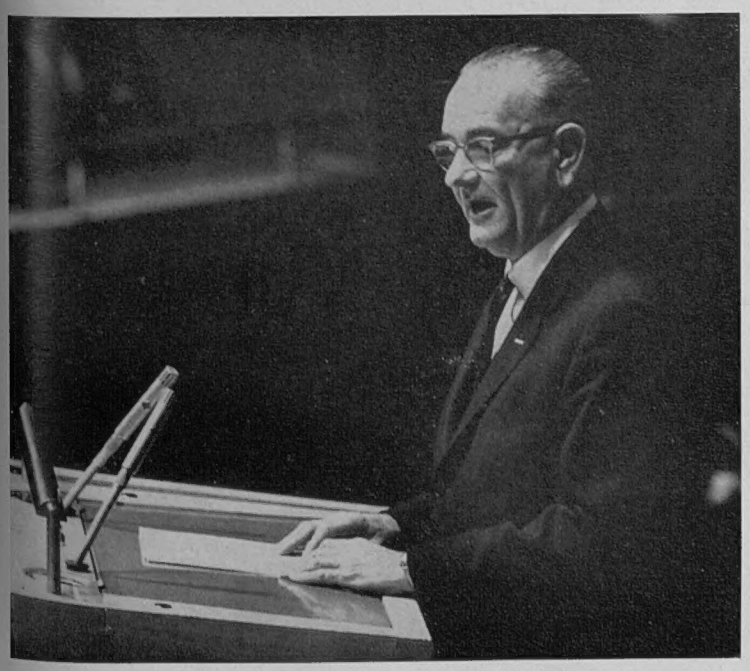
Ex-President lies in state
The coffin of Dr Theodore Heuss, first post-war President of West Germany, is guarded by four policemen in Stuttgart. He held office from 1945 to 1959 and was 79 when he died on December 12

Death of German Socialist
Herr Willy Brandt, the Mayor of Berlin, and Herrn Fritz Erler (centre) and Herbert Wehner, two other West German Socialist leaders, leave the house of the widow of Herr Erich Ollenauer, West German Socialist leader. They had paid a call of condolence on his death

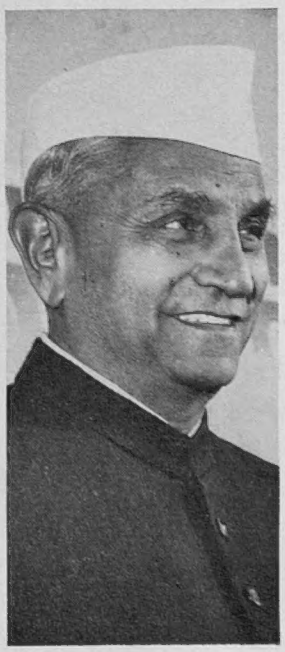


Lloyd George in the Commons
In the Members' Lobby of the House of Commons, Sir Alec Douglas-Home looks up at the statue of Lloyd George which he has just unveiled. Left is Mr Geoffrey Rippon, the Minister of Works. The statue is nearly 7 ft. high and shows the great Liberal radical Prime Minister in a typical attitude. Among those present at the unveiling were Earl Attlee and members of Lloyd George's family. The statesman's brother, Dr William Lloyd George, who will be 100 next year, could not attend

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



President pledges world-wide New Deal
President Lyndon Johnson addresses the delegates in the United Nations General Assembly in a 20-minute speech. For his visit to New York stringent security precautions were in force. The importance of Mr Johnson's speech was that it was made so soon after he became President and that he took this early opportunity to affirm US adherence to the ideals of the United Nations. The theme of his speech was that the US was pledged to underwrite through the U.N. a New Deal for the underdeveloped countries of the world



The new Greek Government meets
King Paul of the Hellenes reads the Royal Decree opening the new Greek Parliament. The Greek government party, the Centre Union, survived its first test when Mr Elias Tsirimokos, was elected President of the new Parliament

New diplomatist in London
Dr Jivraj Narayan Mehta, India's new High Commissioner to Britain. The photograph was taken last week on his arrival to take up his appointment. Formerly Chief Minister of Baroda, he succeeds Mr M. C. Chagla

DAM BURST IN LOS ANGELES

Two residents of the area stumble through the mud as they rescue belongings from their ruined home

Above: Water pours through the breach in the wall of the dam in the Baldwin Hills residential area of Los Angeles. The break allowed a wall of water 30 ft. high to sweep down into the canyon below the dam

Right: Tons of water cascade down the canyon from the break in the dam (arrowed in the background). Homes on the right are still intact but the buildings on the left have been swept off the stepped sites on which they had once stood

A small crack in the wall of the Baldwin Hills reservoir gave notice that the dam was going to burst. Patrolling motor-cycle police warned people in the expensive residential areas of Los Angeles below the dam, and several thousand fled to the neighbouring hillsides. In the mid-afternoon the sloping 100-ft. earthen wall of the bowl-like reservoir broke up with a roar and let a wave of mud and water surge down the canyon below. Several hundred houses were swept away and most of those engulfed in the flood of some 300 million gallons of water were badly damaged. But owing to the warning very few people were killed. The water finally reached Ballona Creek, a mile from the reservoir, and poured westwards into the sea. Damage to property was estimated at well over £3 million.

DAM BURST IN LOS ANGELES *continued from page 485*

Top: The breached Baldwin Hills Reservoir with Los Angeles behind

Above and right: A car left by the floodwaters, and a wrecked home

Major-General Ton That Dinh, one of the members of the military junta responsible for the recent coup in South Vietnam, stands on the corner of a wall in the town of Quang Tri in the central area of his country. The general was engaged in a campaign to enlist support for the new government which has replaced the regime of the Diem family

RHETORIC IN S.E. ASIA

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

488 **This year and the next**

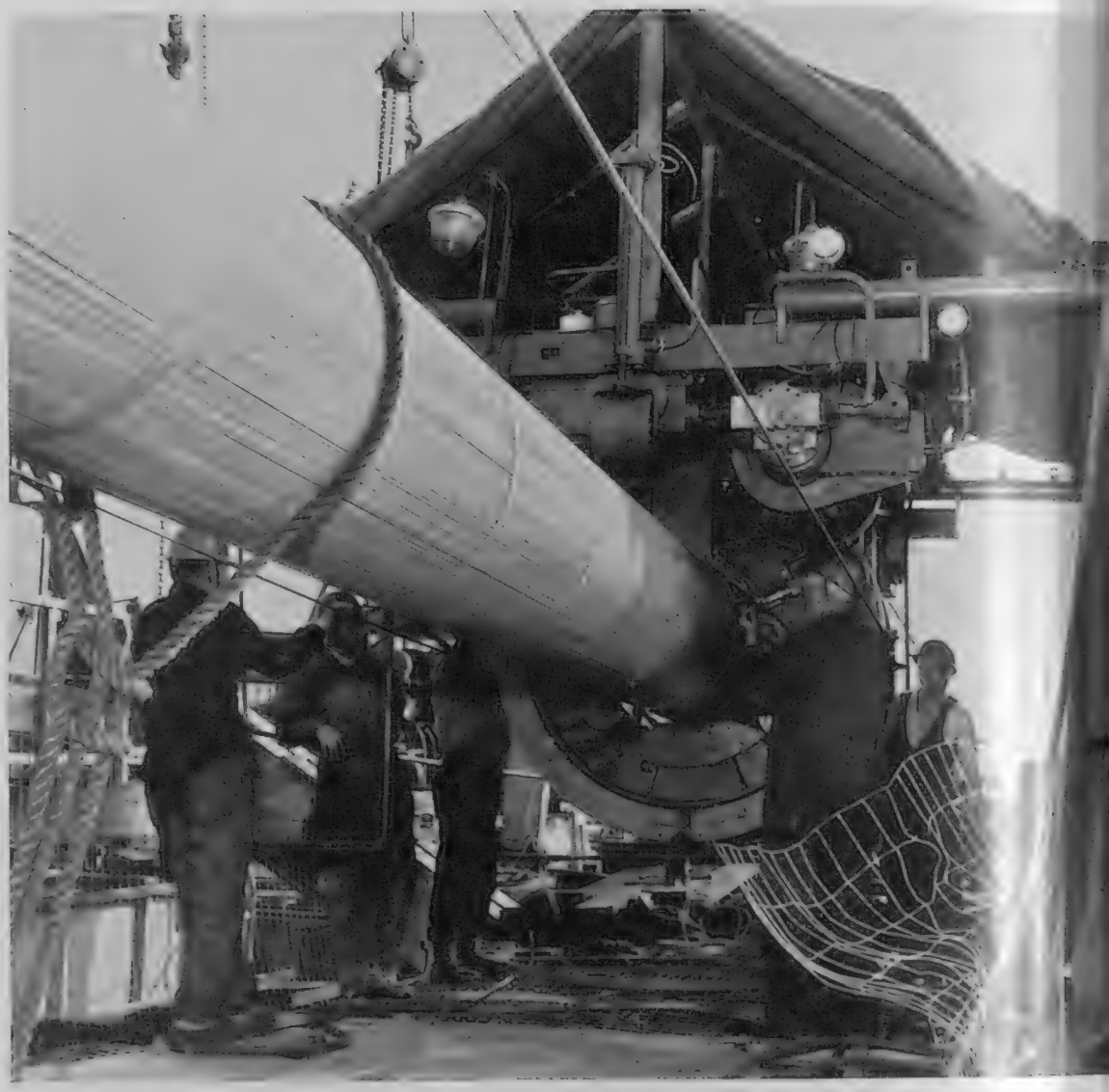
Most of us wave farewell without regret to 1963 —a pretty dim year. A miserable summer, a dreary autumn, a year of outsize crimes, of scandalous revelations, of eccentric party manoeuvres at home and of terrible natural and other calamities abroad, a year rounded off with an unspeakably dreadful assassination which shook the civilised world. There is room for improvement in 1964; but very few of us would be brave enough to accept the power to foresee *all* the events of 1964, since every year is a mixture of blessings and curses. We already have some more or less certain data to bank on for 1964. There will be a very handsome addition to the Royal Family; there will be a year-long celebration of Shakespeare's quatercentenary and there will be a General Election in Britain and a Presidential Election in the States. We cannot dot the i's nor cross the t's of how these various events will work out; all will keep our interest alive and none is likely to involve us in immediate or irretrievable ruin. Let us hope that the imponderables—the year's ration of bad fairies' gifts—will not prove unduly harsh. A Happy New Year to all sorts and conditions of men and women who read these columns—and even to those unfortunates who don't.

Let the truth prevail

So we come to the end of 1963. As I have said, next year we shall be celebrating Shakespeare's quatercentenary with special stamps and national and local glorifications. Before it is too late, I put in a plea to the planners to *let the truth prevail* and not to commemorate this mighty poet with a lie on our lips. Let us drop the phrase " Shakespeare's Birthday." We *don't* know (not even Mr Rouse knows) that he was born on St. George's day. We do know the date of his christening and of his death. We have no more to go on to settle the date of his birth than we have to conjecture " what songs the Syrens sang " or the alias assumed by Ulysses, " when he hid among the women," or the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask or the names of the murderers in a score of unsolved crimes. We shall probably know for certain what " life " on the moon is like long before we can solve these mysteries. In the spring of 1964 we *shall* know beyond doubt the birthdays of four royal infants—but not Shakespeare's. Why not, then, let the truth prevail in Shakespeare's case and admit that we don't know everything; that even today there are blanks in our knowledge of history? We can honestly believe that he was born in 1564 and can hazard a reasonable conjecture that the event occurred in April. It is the *poet's* job to " give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Certainly not the historian's job. Shakespeare was very honest with us. We should be honest in return.

Hands off Piccadilly Circus

I follow the controversy about the beautification of Piccadilly Circus with a muddled mind. I *try* to think of it as the sacred heart of civilisation, but my memories of a long life do not suggest that this description is exactly right.



One of the two 24 in. main cables for the Forth Road Bridge passes through the wrapping machine. Each cable consists of over 11,500 parallel galvanised high tensile steel wires. They will carry the 3,300 ft. long main span

I recall Mafeking nights, Rugger nights, and Edwardian nights and days when this heart seemed more profane than sacred, more garish and vulgar than holy, more cheap and nasty than sanctified. I have studied the plans for its beautification and consecration. No tall, no vulgar, commercial buildings and installations must overshadow it or its tutelary image of Love, whether sacred or profane. Fountains and a pool of limpid water, suitable for the Court of the Temple, look well in the blueprint. Perhaps they will continue to look well, when London is a 100 per cent. smokeless zone. But when will that be? Meanwhile, when the architects have had their will of the Circus, I fear that Taj Mahal effects will not be lasting, and the sheet of water will attract more litter and oil and smuts than paddlers and in winter the skaters will skate on wondrous black ice and slide over congealed cartons. For there is something about Piccadilly Circus which refuses to be consecrated and insists on being the heart and soul of a nation not entirely composed of dedicated acolytes. Which is perhaps why homesick soldiers in trenches have so often yearned for it.

No share of the cake

I confess that I share the feelings of a considerable number of the electorate that the phrase " our affluent society " has a hollow ring and is a very partial definition of the state of the nation. The proportion of the population which enjoys no share of the cake is quite sizeable, and it is not surprising if that proportion hears without enthusiasm the weekly news of substantial rises (adjusted to the increased cost of living) for this or that body of workers, reads of the iniquity of fobbing off Cabinet Ministers and MP's with salaries far below those of their " opposite numbers " in bureaucracy, of the stupendous salaries required for heads of nationalised boards, and of the happy plight of the workers in certain cities whose average earnings exceed £1,000 a year. I suppose it would surprise these happy workers (and Cabinet Ministers and MP's too) to discover how large is the number of workers who have never shared in these frequent rises, who work hard on considerably less and who in well-earned retirement make do with less still. For these unfortunates the words " affluent society" are ugly words, and their share of the cake is comprised in the comforting generalisation that " no one need starve in Britain today." The " cost of living " is very fairly apportioned among all grades of income; the cake is not, and that cake would be more equitably cut up if there was less sugar at the top and more currants at the bottom. In an affluent society,

One of the new approach roads curves up to the Forth Road Bridge with, to the left, the Forth Railway Bridge. It was hoped that the gap between the two main supports of the road bridge would be closed during December

Below: At the annual dinner and dance of the Royal Western Yacht Club in Plymouth are, from left, Mr R. T. Harris, Vice-Chairman; Mr W. B. Waterfall, Vice-Commodore, and Alderman H. M. Pattinson, Lord Mayor of Plymouth. Much of the work to promote Plymouth as a sailing centre has been done, with support from the city authorities, by the R.W.Y.C. At the annual dinner were discussed the arrangements for the 1964 solo transatlantic yacht race

David and Doune Ogilvy at the children's party at the Carlton Towers, London, for the Save the Children Fund

if it has any meaning, all should benefit and the weakest rise at least above the bread-line. I see no ingratitude where, here or there, an unfortunate voter withholds his vote from the government in power which answers his plea "Mais, monsieur, il faut vivre" with Talleyrand's "Je ne vois pas la nécessité."

The vandals

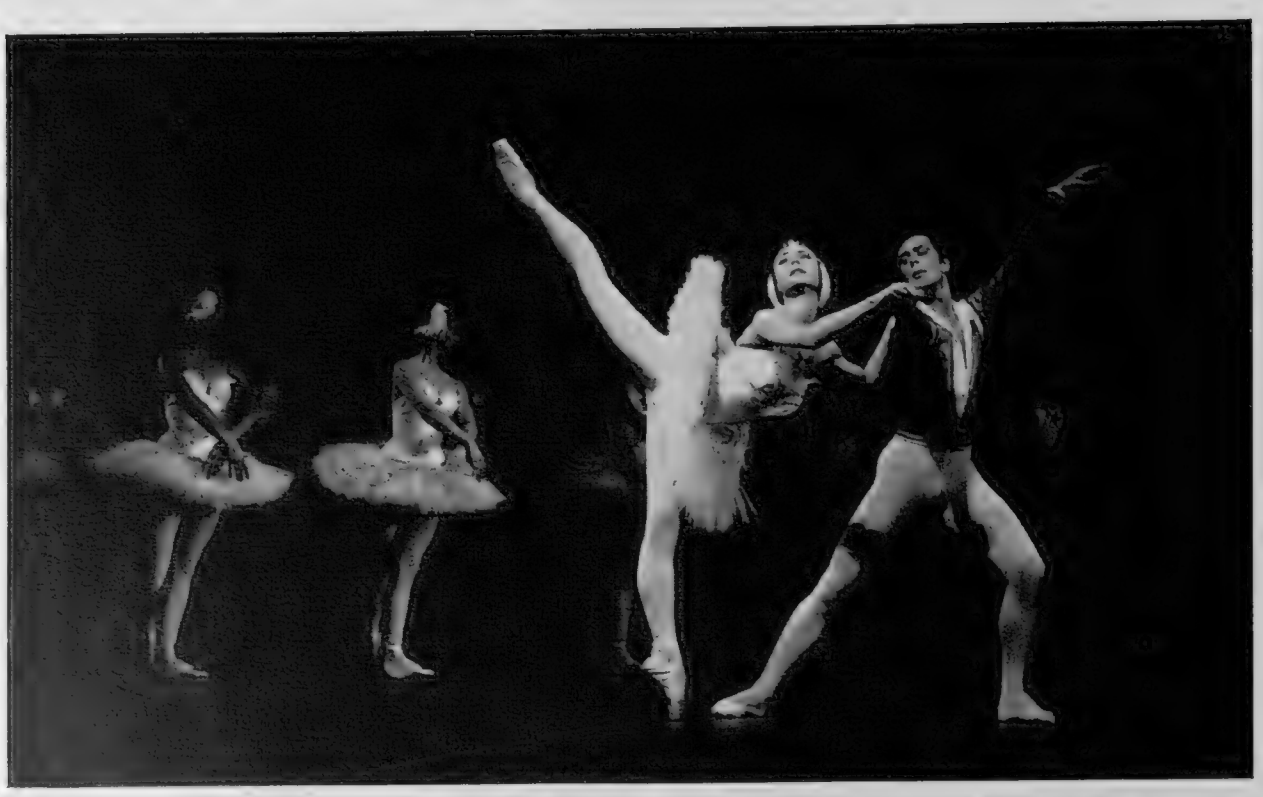
The damage done every year by vandals to public and private property today is costing local authorities in populous centres a real packet and ratepayers quite a substantial additional straw on their backs. Park seats are uprooted and scarred, park chairs smashed up, direction signs reversed, posts torn up, telephone booths bedevilled, lamp posts and bulbs shattered and newly decorated walls defaced with obscenities. In railway trains, too, such senseless destruction is all too common. Who are these vandals and what is the impetus that drives them to act? The large majority, I suppose, are under 21, the age of responsibility. Vandals above that age clearly qualify in minor degree for the category of political assassins, Calibans without Caliban's dim powers of reasoning. The teenage vandals, it must be assumed, are largely stimulated to these senseless acts by a desire to prove their own daring and manhood and to gain admiration from their girl-friends. Sometimes of course, the desire to destroy is drink-induced. No doubt it was so, and still is so, in college rags, more excusable by comparison because undergraduates are perfectly forewarned that *they* will pay for the damage they do. But the bulk of the nation-wide vandalism is anonymous. The perpetrators pay nothing for their fun. The ratepayer foots the bill. It is a paradox that as more and more millions are spent on Education, vandalism increases, litter increases and senseless, tasteless vulgarities of all kinds increase. It is clear that that important modern item in the syllabus of state education—"the right use of leisure"—looks too far into the future and could with advantages be concentrated for a time on the present. If our yearning, hero-worshipping teenage girls would concentrate *all* their devotion on the Beatles, I believe there would be less vandalism. The city thugs and village louts would turn from sabotage to less destructive pop-singing to win the admiration of their girls.

New Forest fencing

I am puzzled that a bill given a first reading in the House of Lords on November 28 has for some time been regarded in some degree as an Act of Parliament. This bill is designed very properly to reduce the slaughter on the Forest roads (A31 and A35) of Forest Animals, nearly 250 this year. Already 60 per cent of the designed grids are finished, if not yet fenced, between Fordingbridge and the A35 and already the Hampshire C.C. is fencing the 14 miles of A31 between Cadnam and Ringwood under adequate powers. To what "Authorities," then, is this Bill intended to give "powers" when it becomes law? Verderers, Forestry Commission, County Council? The C.C. is already diminishing the sacred 92,000 forest acreage for fencing its 14 miles of A31, the Verderers have dug in their grids all over the area between the two main roads in anticipation (?) of a bill becoming law. The only provisions in the Bill not yet anticipated are the grouping in fixed areas of the quarter million campers and the fencing of A35 through the Forest, and a vaguer power to bring 4,000 acres of Common Land within the perimeter boundaries. If all these authorities are outside the law, what authorities are to be empowered by it? Perhaps it is a bill to make lawful retrospectively actions already taken in anticipation of the whole bag of legislative powers to safeguard the forest and its creatures. And anyway attempts to do this are to be encouraged early rather than late.

The Old Stager

SWAN LAKE *at the Royal Opera House*



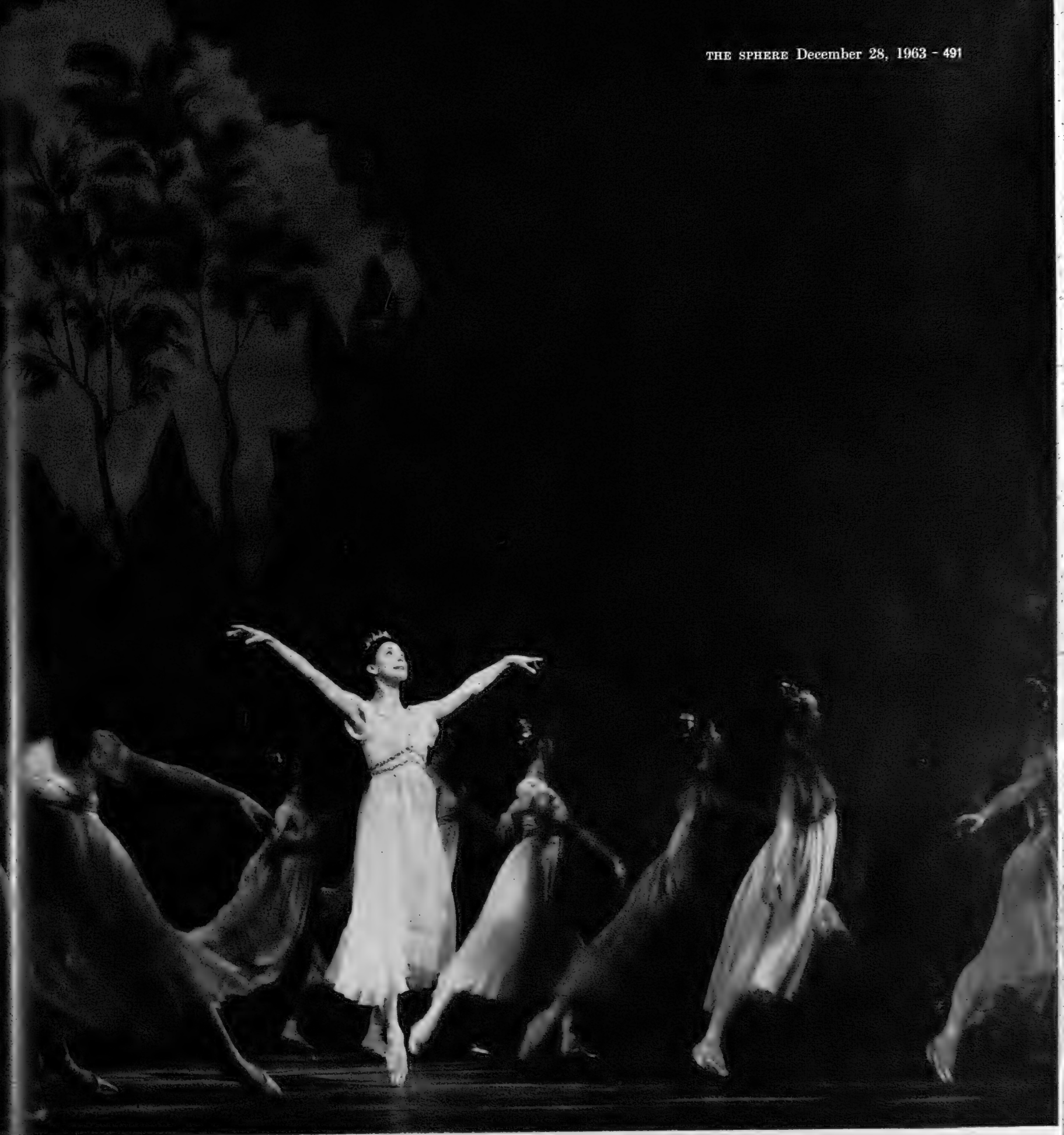
Above: The pas-de-quatre from Act One, danced by Antoinette Sibley, Brian Shaw, Merle Park and Graham Usher

Top: The pas-de-deux from Act Two, danced by Svetlana Beriosova and Donald Macleary

Above right: Margot Fonteyn as the Princess in the Prologue

Right: The brilliant pas-de-douze from Act One

The Royal Ballet's sumptuous new version of *Swan Lake* has made a splendid centrepiece for the Christmas shows in London. The role of Odette-Odile, premiered by Fonteyn, has also been danced by Svetlana Beriosova, Nadia Nerina, Annette Page and Antoinette Sibley. Doubtless, there will be ardent balletomanes who will compare this new version unfavourably with the old *Swan Lake*, which did sterling service for many years. But although that Petipa-Ivanov version was perhaps the most authentic of all, the new production, with much new choreography by Ashton, does present a clear story line, neatly organised by Robert Helpmann, the producer. A prologue showing the Princess's metamorphosis has been added, so at least the audience knows where it is to start with. New scenery is by Carl Toms.



Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

492 **SIERRA LEONE**
From London to Fourah Bay

Fourah Bay College, the University College of Sierra Leone, will be welcoming a valuable addition to its staff at the beginning of next year. He is Dr J. B. C. Grundy, who is giving up after ten years the headmastership of one of Britain's most distinguished boys' schools, Emanuel in London.

Dr Grundy remarked that his interest in Africa was recently kindled by two of his former pupils: the Most Rev. Cecil John Patterson, the Archbishop of West Africa, to whom he once taught German at St. Paul's, another leading school in London; and Mr Theodore Bull, proprietor of a Southern Rhodesian periodical, with whom he bicycled many miles in quests for the archaeological society of yet another noted English school at which he taught, Harrow in Middlesex. Dr Grundy calculates that when he has taken up his post at Fourah Bay the nearer of these two friends will be only 1,000 miles away as the crow flies.

His family's only previous connections with Africa are his father's voyage to Cape Town at the beginning of the century, ordered by his doctors as a cure for liver trouble, and some distant cousins in Zomba, Nyasaland. He himself however had an earlier association with the Commonwealth when he carried out a lecture tour in Canada before the last war.

Above: The Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Eric Harrison (left), presents a Brazilian art award to the Australian painter, Lawrence Daws, at a ceremony in London. Right is the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, Senor do Nascimento e Silva. Mr Daws won the award for an honourable mention in the Bi-annual Exhibition in Sao Paulo

Top right: The Deputy High Commissioner for Nigeria in London, Mr Ukegbu, is flanked by the winners of the High Commissioner's essay competition, " How to Improve Race Relations in the Commonwealth." They are Mr P. Pink and Miss P. A. Cleary. The competition, open to Liverpool schoolchildren between the ages of 16 and 18, was won by Miss Cleary. Her essay was printed in last week's *Voice of the Commonwealth*

Right: At the ceremony of cutting the cake at the Royal Hospital in London, from left, are the Hon. A. J. White, Agent-General for Tasmania in Britain; Mr George Alderson, 94-year-old Chelsea Pensioner; and General Sir Frank Simpson, Governor of the Hospital. The cake, which has been baked in the shape of Australia and Tasmania, is a gift from Tasmania

Left and below: Views of the exciting modern designs which are being used in church architecture in Sydney today

Bottom: Work is progressing well on Sydney's new Opera House. The first segment of one of the roof shells was recently lifted into position. In the photograph, looking north, the Opera House is on the left, the Theatre Hall right and the casting yard foreground

THE ROAD TO DJERBA

Written and Photographed by Bruce Ells

Since " horseless carriages " were first considered sufficiently reliable for their proud owners to take across the Channel, the lure of the sun has been strong in every British motorist's heart. Chasing the sun plus the desire to pit their driving skill, and the durability of their cars, against the vicissitudes of the Northern French climate and the winter hazards of the Alpes Maritimes were partially responsible for the advent of the Monte Carlo Rally, and each year an ever-increasing summer exodus of British motorists treks " south for sunshine " across the Channel. But as the English winters get longer and more severe motorists' thoughts turn to the sun in winter. Scandinavia, Switzerland and the central European Alpine resorts are all very well, but the sun in all these places is tempered with snow.

Southern France, Spain, the Balkans, Greece, all have their charms, but they also had considerably more than their share of bad weather last winter—even the pond in the Metropole at Monte Carlo was frozen over (and this shook even hardened Monte rallyists)—so the question poses itself, " Where shall we go this winter to get away to the sun?" And there is only one answer to this, within reasonable motoring distance of the UK, and that is North Africa. There is a tremendously attractive motorists' playground extending the length of the North African seaboard, beckoning to the British motorist, who is seeking the sun, excellent roads, French food, and the timeless lure of the Sahara. One of the most attractive North African countries for motorists is undoubtedly Tunisia. Its roads are equal to anything in the world, its people are so friendly, and it is more than eager to welcome the wisely discerning British motorist who is prepared to keep that jump ahead of the others and to spend just that little bit more to get his car over the Mediterranean on the boat (25 hours) from Marseilles.

Recently I made a tour of the entire country in a Peugeot 404 which I picked up in Tunis, having flown from London in four hours by Air France. This is the short-cut de luxe way. But if you have more time, and like fast motoring through France, then there is nothing nicer than a winter holiday starting from the Channel ports and going via N7 to Marseilles on the said fast boat to Tunis. This can be accomplished in perfect safety and comfort within three days.

After a short (or leisurely, according to taste) reconnaissance of Tunis itself, you are on the high road to Djerba. It arrows nostalgically south, through Sousse, Sfax and the palm-shaded oasis of Gabes, passing the Roman forum at El Djem, to Djerba, " Island of the Lotus Eaters." Djerba is timeless, and fantastic. Characters straight out of the Bible walk along its sandy highways. Pious processions wind their way interminably to the mosques. Palm-fringed white beaches stretch as far as the eye can see, lapped by azure blue seas. Every superlative that the travel writer ever had in his vocabulary would fail to describe Djerba, with its camels; its great, moist moon at night; its quaint villages and its Biblically attired fishermen.

The road which leads south from Tunis to Djerba is typically straight. The route is fast and free from traffic

The Island of Djerba forms a rough square, with each side about 12 miles in length. It is joined to the mainland of Tunisia by five miles of road built on the foundation of an ancient Roman causeway which had crumbled away in the course of the centuries. Originally inhabited by wild Berbers, the island has been swept by successive invasions. In the 12th century B.C.—three centuries before the foundation of Carthage—the Phoenicians established trading posts there. Then came the Greeks who opened up trade relations between Djerba and the Aegean islands.

The first Roman expeditions coincided with the Punic Wars, and later the Vandals overran the island, to be closely followed by Arabs, who brought their language, religion and customs. Spaniards also, in the course of their Mediterranean expansion, inhabited the island for 300 years, from the 13th to the 16th century. A thick-walled fortress still recalls the memory of the last Spanish expedition. Djerba was also conquered by the Turks and, for a long time, formed part of the Pashalik of Tripoli.

Each year Djerba attracts more and more foreign tourists. Its mild winter climate, its intensely blue sky, its golden beaches which temper the summer heat, and its luxury hotels, plus the friendliness of its people, create a deliciously dreamy atmosphere in which dull cares are forgotten.

A carpet of half a million palm trees covers the island, and the quaint towns which nestle in the palm-groves have names with a biblical ring: Houmt Souk, Midoun, Adjim, Mahboubine and Guellala—where the only windows in the white houses are in the square towers which crown them.

The camel population is quite large, and beside each house one sees a ubiquitous camel, indispensable to the Djerban farmer as a beast of burden and a means *Continued on page 496*

Above left: Sfax—capital of Southern Tunisia—is a modern town with ancient traditions, a thriving port and a wonderful museum full of priceless mosaics

Above top: The ferry between the Tunisian mainland and Djerba usually carries two cars and a colourful cross-section of Tunisians and their domestic animals

Above: Perched in the bows, complete with centuries-old Djerban sun-hat, the "bosun" checks on the depth approaching the island port of Adjim

Left: Korbous, ancient Roman thermal resort in Northern Tunisia, is famed for the healing properties of its hot springs. Here the Romans bathed

THE ROAD TO DJERBA *continued from page 494*

of transport. Most of the population are engaged in agriculture, fishing and handicraft (pottery and weaving), but nearly 7,000 men emigrate temporarily to the mainland and elsewhere each year. In the picturesque port of Adjim, fishermen repair boats, mend nets and sort their catch, and the boats which ply their way to and from the mainland port of Djorf carry all types of cargo. These include camels, cattle, cars and tourists who prefer the 15-minute sea trip to travelling the Roman causeway. The Jewish community in Djerba is grouped around Hara Kebira and Hara Srira, and it is reputed that their ancestors arrived on the island probably in the 5th century B.C.

There is no doubt that soon many British motorists will visit Tunisia. And for their own sakes I sincerely hope that they travel the long straight road south to fascinating Djerba.

Above: Vendors and customers haggle over the prices in the open-air market at Houmt Souk on the island of Djerba. It is as old as the Bible

Left: The dining-room of the Club Méditerranée on Djerba

Below: For those who love the hot sun and the blue Mediterranean, the Hotel Al Djazira, Djerba is a holiday paradise

Above: The port of Mahboubine in Djerba is mainly engaged in the trade of sponge-fishing
Top: Melons on sale at Houmt Souk, Djerba

Above: A loading bay for olive oil at the port of Sfax
Left: Crafts like sandal-making in gold, silver and leather are handed down over the centuries

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE WOODPECKER'S WINTER

Laugh, woodpecker, down in the wood;
What do you find that moves your mirth?
Would I laugh if I understood
All that you know of the merry earth?
Is it indeed so good?

A. C. Benson would have found nothing to laugh about last winter. And the long spell of exceptionally cold weather proved altogether too much for the green woodpecker. I have not seen one all the year: and nor has anyone else around these parts. In this neighbourhood at least, the green woodpecker has been wiped out.

And I wonder why? The long cold winter did not affect either the great (the pied) or the lesser spotted (the barred) woodpecker. Both nest in the wood (as did the green) and both have been about all the year. Indeed, it might be said that the cold weather benefited the pied woodpecker, for there are more than usual about. But I have heard it said that it was not the cold weather but rather the disappearance of the green woodpecker that was of advantage to the pied. I do not believe that there is any truth in this. I do not believe—even though they take very much the same sorts of food, chiefly the larvae of wood-boring insects—that there was any real competition between the species. If there was, then you would, surely, expect the larger and more powerful bird, the green woodpecker, to have the advantage under adverse conditions. No; I think that the answer is that the green was too conservative, that the pied was much more intelligent, much more enterprising.

We used to see the green woodpecker much more frequently than the pied; very much more frequently than the barred, which is a little bird about the size of a sparrow and which keeps pretty strictly to the higher reaches of the trees. (You have to have quite an eye to spot a barred woodpecker about its business.) The green woodpecker would come on to the lawn in search of ants, driving its powerful beak deep into the soil and sometimes making quite a mess of the lawn. It would come close up to the house, apparently not in the least shy. But, in fact, it would never allow close approach. You had only to open a door or a window, and it was gone. On the other hand, I cannot recall ever having seen a pied woodpecker on the ground. We would see them about the wood, flitting with undulating flight from tree to tree, tapping a trunk for insects, drumming on some dead branch. But it was rare to get a close view of one, and they never came right up to the house. I always considered the pied to be much the shyer bird of the two.

Last winter, with the hard weather, came a complete change of habit. The pied began to come to the bird-tables. (There was also a change of habit in the barred: they never came to the bird-tables, but two of them took to roosting in one of the nesting-boxes which had been occupied by nuthatches the previous spring, finding it, no doubt, a deal more snug than a shallow hole in a tree.) To begin with their approach was tentative. They would land on the upright of the table, stay for a moment or two staring up at the shelf, and then fly away: desire strong, courage weak. But they soon decided that what was safe for the tits and starlings, the finches and sparrows and thrushes, was safe for them. Soon they were clinging to the edge of the table, helping themselves to bread and oatmeal, fat and scraps (foods to which they were altogether unaccustomed) as though to that diet born. It was no uncommon sight to see a pied actually on the table. (A pied woodpecker on a horizontal surface looks clumsy and out of place.) From the bird-table to the nut-canister for the tits (which hangs within arm's length of the window) and soon the pied was alighting on the leads of the window itself, leaving the clear impression of its fanned tail, which is used as a support, on the glass. (We were so thrilled that we did not clean that window for days.) Hunger had banished shyness. I have no doubt that had the green woodpecker shown the same initiative it would have survived the cold.

I thought that with the end of the cold weather the shyness would return. This has not been the case. The pied woodpecker has remained a regular visitor to the bird-table and to the nut-canister. What it likes more than anything—but, indeed, this applies to all the birds that come to the table—is the carcass of a fowl or a goose. This is worried after the fashion, so that we have had to drive a staple into the table and tie the carcasses to that or they would soon be on the ground and would become food for the foxes, who are a nuisance enough, anyway.

No longer is the pied woodpecker a shy bird. It would be an exaggeration to say that it allows close approach. It does not encourage familiarity: it keeps its distance, but does not panic. We are treated very much as an established customer treats his butcher—with a somewhat distant friendliness which will be maintained for just so long as he continues to supply goods of the right quality. In time I think we might have come much closer together.

But early one morning towards the end of July we were woken by a loud tapping just outside the bedroom window. The tapping came from the beam there: a really old, massive beam. Pretty well every morning there was the woodpecker tapping away. I leaned out and watched him at work no more than a couple of feet away and level with my head: for a second or two we looked at each other, and the look in his eye was plainly "So what?" Gradually the hole got bigger and bigger, big enough to admit the bird, and I was really very pleased at the thought that we would have a woodpecker nesting just outside the window. And then I remembered that woodpeckers are said to excavate their nesting-holes only in *rotten* wood. This great beam forms the corner support of the house. I did not feel so happy.

When we examined it, we found that the entrance passage ran uphill for just a little way (excellent from the drainage point of view; a good architect, the pied woodpecker) and that the bird had already started to excavate downwards, to build its bedroom. And the timber was not rotten. For all that, the downward passage has had to be filled with brick and the entrance cemented up. A pity: but the hole would have been taken over by starlings, and they are noisy birds in the early morning. The woodpecker bears us no ill-will. It still comes to the bird-table and the nut-canister. And I think it has got its eye on another beam.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HOSKING

Two pied or greater spotted woodpeckers, supported by their splayed tails, dine at a bird-table

HURSTPIERPOINT v BRIGHTON

1

2

3

4

5

1 The Hurstpierpoint scrum-half, E. M. Greenacre, gets the ball away from a set scrum

2 A. M. Ausden (Hurstpierpoint) and J. C. Ellis (Brighton College) jump for the ball in a line-out

3 M. A. J. Mullin and D. Parker, of Brighton, break from the scrum in a close passing movement

4 A. E. Swan (Hurstpierpoint) falls on the ball, watched by his captain, R. I. E. Carswell. Brighton players are C. D. Barrett and J. G. Richardson

5 J. G. Richardson grabs hold of the Hurstpierpoint full-back, A. C. Richardson

On a gloomy but dry day at Hurstpierpoint, the College played Brighton College. Heavy rain before the match made the ground heavy. The visitors gained an immediate territorial advantage and after continued pressure by their pack scored a push-over try. After this Hurstpierpoint came more into the game, gaining the ball in the scrums, sometimes against the head, and from the line-outs, where A. M. Ausden was prominent. But in spite of having possession the Hurstpierpoint backs were unable to penetrate the Brighton defence. And before half-time the visitors scored again, direct from a line-out. In the second half both defences remained on top, although play swung from end to end. The only score came when Hurstpierpoint kicked a penalty goal, making it 6—3.

WINTERING IN SOUTH AFRICA

500 Christmas is celebrated in midsummer and the forebodings of our autumn change to the joys of spring as the natural consequence of the reversal of the seasons in Britain and South Africa. It is, however, useful and can be financially advantageous to remember that, both in the mountains and by the sea the South African winter is a good time of the year, sometimes even regarded as the peak holiday season—in Natal, for example.

For a holiday visit I have no doubt as to my own choice of how to get there—by sea to Cape Town. The beautiful views of Table Mountain from the deck of a Union Castle liner would decide me, even if I did not regard the leisurely fortnight's voyage as a pleasant part of the holiday. If time permits, sea both ways offers interesting ports of call, going one way by the west coast and the other through the Suez canal. One way by liner and the other by a cargo boat such as an Ellerman " Twelve " (i.e. 12 passengers only) is another idea.

Having seen Table Mountain you will no doubt wish to climb it, which you can do by literally hundreds of paths, or by aerial cableway. Cape Town at its foot is the oldest city in the country and is the gateway to some of its loveliest scenery. Adderley Street, which runs from the harbour to the gardens which Van Riebeeck planned 300 years ago, is the principal thoroughfare and roads radiate from it towards the Atlantic and to the Indian Ocean. A drive round the Cape Peninsula, most of it in sight of the sea, can be made in a day, with reasonable time for contemplation of the colourful scenery.

Paarl, the wine city, with huge cellars, followed by a climb over Du Toit's Pass is another worthwhile run and a very short trip should be made to see the Colonial Dutch homestead—now a museum—of Groot Constantia. The Castle, which dates from 1666, should be seen—and the old Supreme Court. The flower market is a lovely sight and there are many other places worth seeing in and close to the city and several fine beaches at the seaside resorts nearby. Sea lovers who want to stay in the city may like to know that the first hotel to be built on the Foreshore—a luxurious establishment called the Tulbagh, opened its doors a few weeks ago.

The Garden Route, across the base of the country to Port Elizabeth, is somewhat loosely defined. Some regard it as starting from Cape Town in which case it is 520 miles long, but more generally it is considered to start from Mossel Bay 266 miles from Cape Town. Again, some consider that Oudtshoorn and the Cango Caves come within its scope. Whatever the label, the run over the Robinson Pass from Mossel Bay, or by the Outeniqua Pass from the little town of George should be taken to see the ostrich farms and then farther north to the electrically lit stalagtites and stalagmites of the Cango Caves. The extent of the caves can be gauged by the fact that it takes two hours to tour them.

Mossel Bay, The Wilderness, Knysna and Plattenberg Bay are among the resorts popular for lazing or for aquatic and land amusements.

Beacon Island Hotel in Plattenberg Bay. This is one of Cape Province's most popular seaside [illegible]

So far I have written mostly of the littoral, but a most enjoyable way to see something of the interior is to take South African Railways' luxurious blue train for the 999 miles run from Cape Town to Pretoria. It leaves Cape Town at noon and arrives at Pretoria at 3.40 p.m. the following afternoon. Those considering a planned tour may like to know that Union Castle have a 58 days' Safari which includes a blue train run—cost for each of two persons £437-£612. The noon start enables the Paarl wine-growing country and the Hex River Pass to be viewed; then the Touws river stop, where the Karoo begins, with its flat-topped hills and the train continues north-east through this enormous sheep farming area to Beaufort West, at 9.43 p.m. The next stop of marked interest is reached in the early morning—Kimberley. Here is the famous Big Hole, a gigantic man-made crater and the origin of the De Beers diamond mines. The city's water supply comes from the nearby pleasure resort of Riverton on the Vaal River.

Soon, the Vaal divides into Fourteen Streams and a 1,330 ft. railway bridge spans the river, which forms the border between Cape Province and the Transvaal. The next stop is Klerksdorp, the first Boer settlement in the Transvaal, followed by Potchefstroom, the oldest town in the province.

The blue train continues across the High Veld, with the altitude increasing until at Johannesburg it reaches 5,735 ft. Maybe the height, with its invigorating air has played its part as well as the gold mines in speeding the expansion of this young, vigorous land-locked city with its soaring skyscraper business houses and flats, modern shops, large mine dumps and extensive sports facilities.

Air travellers may find it most con[illegible] to use the Jan Smuts international airp[illegible] the city for direct flights to London; the [illegible] is also conveniently placed for Pretoria. [illegible] do the trip from London by jet in le[illegible] 24 hours and smaller airlines, such as [illegible] make the journey quite expeditiously an[illegible] lower cost.

The 999 miles train ride ends at Pretoria, the republic's administrative capital. It is known as the Jacaranda City for in October it is bathed in mauve-blue mist formed by the flowers from tens of thousands of jacaranda trees. Places to see include the Houses of the State President and Paul Kruger, the Staats Model School (now government offices) from which Sir Winston Churchill escaped in 1899 when a prisoner of war. Then there are two really noteworthy buildings. Union Buildings are worthy of their superb site from which Sir Herbert Baker's creation in modified classical style overlooks the city. This semi-circular colonnaded and most graceful twin-towered building is approached by a series of terraced gardens; they extend over 164 acres, which seem almost to be on fire so brilliant are the colours.

The Voortrekker Monument is a colossal granite structure with an Italian marble Hall of Heroes and encircled by a laager of ox wagons to remind us of a form of defence adequate so short a time ago.

East of Pretoria lies a sweep of fine country leading to the southern gateway of the Kruger National Park, the largest game reserve in the country. The National (tarred) road runs through sparsely populated country to Machadadorp, which rather piquantly offers hot radio sulphur baths and trout fishing—with the

The flat-topped hills of the Karoo, a distinctive landscape seen between Queenstown and Aliwa North

Eland River falls 15 miles away. The national road continues with glimpses of the towering, dark Drakensberg mountains to the growing town of Nelspruit, overlooking the Crocodile Falls, which are worth a visit.

On through the Numbi gate to Pretoriuskop, a rest camp which is open all the year round and which, like all 12 of these rest camps closes at sunset. Early rising is desirable during one's stay as it is cooler and is usually a good time to see the animals. Accommodation in the reserve is mostly in rondavels—round, thatched huts. It is deliberately simple and although food can be obtained in restaurants self catering is very popular, especially barbecue style. Bushman's Rock hotel, 11 miles from the reserve can accommodate those to whom the (comparatively) simple life does not appeal. It would be boring just to give a string of names of species, but, tigers apart, you can assume that you may see most of the other large animals still extant.

It is a revelation to see the animals in their natural surroundings. Even a jackal has attractions and I have vivid recollections of the giraffe who so benignly, and with graceful dignity, permitted his portrait to be taken before departing to nibble his breakfast from the high trees. The variety and colour of the birds are superb and so are the trees, shrubs and flowers. The glorious sunrises and sunsets, the huge, silvery moon, and the velvet shadowed black of the star-studded skies are some of the most beautiful sights in the country, but nowhere are they more lovely than in the reserve. It can take weeks really to explore the reserve, but Pretoriuskop can be a good choice for a brief stay, provided that Skukuza—the largest camp—on the banks of the Sabie river, is included in one's drives.

A run of several hundred miles brings the traveller from the Low Veld of the reserve to the lofty Drakensberg range. Gentle in the foothills, the Dragons' peaks and pinnacles are rugged and impressive. Riding along the bridle paths and trout fishing in enchanting streams are among the pleasures available at resorts near mountains such as Cathedral Peak and Mont des Sources.

Zululand can be visited conveniently by several routes from the Drakensberg range and, as well as containing the greater part of this range, Natal has 300 miles of coast line with a national road running the full length. The whole littoral is generously dotted with resorts which between them offer just about everything the holidaymaker can desire, from the gaieties of Durban, the largest seaport on the east coast to smaller and quieter resorts such as—Margate! **Philippa Friedman**

Means of access: London/Johannesburg return by BOAC, South African Airways, etc., from £230 economy excursion to £475 1st-class. Trek Airways operate a return service Luxembourg/Johannesburg from £149 10s to £194 10s.; the fare includes the connecting link flight Gatwick/Luxembourg. Southampton/Cape Town by Union Castle: tourist class single £84-£128 (thrift season £68 to £104); 1st-class single £165-£310 (thrift season £135-£250). London/Cape Town by Ellerman and Bucknall Line (one class) £145-£190 single (off season £103-£170). Prices for the 12-passenger boats are somewhat lower. Other air and shipping companies also serve South Africa.

Information: South African Tourist Corporation (SATOUR), 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Above: The Big Hole at Kimberley, the origin of the De Beers diamond mines

Above centre: The resort of Cathedral Peak among the jagged peaks of the Drakensberg Mountains

HOLIDAY RELIEF

502 **Brewing Up in the Basement** by Patrick Campbell: Hutchinson. 21s, is a collection of short pieces which have appeared in a Sunday newspaper during the past year and brightened thereby many a comatose Sunday afternoon. Mr Campbell writes light-heartedly and sometimes with a great deal of good sense on subjects of as great a variety as air hostesses, drinks in cinemas, his own country of Ireland and the kind of party to which you are invited to go as your opposite. One of the most amusing little essays is about a visit to the Caledonian market with S. J. Perelman, New York wit or, as described by the writer, "humorous homonculus" and elsewhere "the tiny scribe." Mr Campbell is often a very funny man indeed and I recommend this lively volume of his as good post-Christmas reading.

The Downhill Races by Oakley Hall: Bodley Head. 18s. Sometimes it happens that a novel will give you a clearer, more personal view of a completely new life than a shelf full of textbooks, no matter how expertly written. So it is with Mr Hall's story of men and young women whose ruling passion in life is to ski faster than any of their rivals—and that includes their nearest and dearest. The setting is the United States where competitive ski-ing centres apparently abound in New Hampshire, Idaho and California, among other places. The story concerns a group of very good skiers, two men and two girls. Each one of them is in the championship class and, in spite of the fact that they naturally form two loving couples, they are perfectly capable of feeling jealousy at each other's triumphs. It is a hectic world of considerable danger, preliminary fears and only a few high moments of satisfaction. It is also a world so well understood and so acutely described by Mr Hall that the reader comes to know it as an almost personal experience. I found the book unputdownable and my respect for these athletes immeasurably increased.

The Blind Miller by Catherine Cookson: Macdonald. 16s, is set in Tyneside, a region which the author knows very well and about which she has written before. Mrs Cookson writes of the place with a mind of comic appreciation of its dourness and with her usual sympathetic understanding of its young people in their loves, marriages and feuds. I don't think that, much as one may enjoy reading of all these exploits, one is necessarily drawn to live in that part of Northumberland (I understand that the author herself has gone to live in Hastings). But at least this reader for one was given an insight into an unfamiliar existence which, for all its toughness, has just about the normal proportion of good and bad characters.

Rise Up In Anger by Stefan Olivier: Blond. 21s, translated by Sigrid Rock and Michael Roloff. As a former German officer this novelist is in the best position to give the reader an impression of some of the seamier sides of army life during and after the war in Russia and in Athens. His hero in the present book is a German lieutenant who comes back from the Russian front to a soft job in Athens and there finds that the Gestapo is on his track because he has reported an unnecessary outrage. When his intransigence continues he is framed and sent off to the horrors of a concentration camp and a labour battalion. When he returns to West Germany after the war he has one object: revenge on his betrayers, and this he achieves in a diabolically ingenious way. This story is tough reading but is not without interest.

Flight To Landfall by G. M. Glaskin: Barrie and Rockliff. 21s, is another of this author's wide-canvassed, detailed and evocative novels, this time chiefly about the great deserts of Western Australia, a part of the world in which, as he writes, he "can travel at least 1,500 miles to the north, crossing the Tropic of Capricorn, and still be not only on the same continent, and in the same country, but also still within my own state . . . ." Once well in to one of Mr Glaskin's books I defy anyone to put it aside, for the warmth of his characterisation and the clever twists of his plots make them quite irresistible. This long new book is no exception and should certainly be one for your holiday list.

The Crime Against Marcella by George Milner: Hodder and Stoughton. 15s, is not really a thriller though it is concerned with murder as with other skulduggery. Mr Milner has written about one of those *femmes fatales* one doesn't seem to meet so often lately, even in fiction, and has made her the pivot on which to swing a plot of jealous men, calculating wives and more or less innocent bystanders. The venue is chiefly the countryside near Rye and Hastings and the people in question are the partners in a firm, for selling secondhand cars, and their wives of whom Marcella is one. When she disappears on [illegible] ing holiday off the French coast there is no lack of suspects but no verdict of guilty either. In a real surprise ending, Mr Milner practically has the hair standing up on his readers' heads. Which qualifies him for a prize as an effective [illegible] cum-chiller.

The Run of Night by Peter de Polnay: [illegible] Allen. 18s, reveals this writer once again as a sensitive inquirer into the problem of what makes people tick. He has a flair for presenting a group of characters outwardly attractive in appearance if humdrum in nature and [illegible] triving with this rather unpromising m[illegible] story of genuine depths and of psycholog[illegible] tleties. The people of whom he is writing [illegible] the kind who meet each other at polit[illegible] cocktail parties, behave fairly well and in fact conceal a few of the more torrid passions including

TENSIONS IN AFRICA

The Lonely African by Colin Turnbull: Chatto and Windus. 25s.
Wild Lives of Africa by Juliette Huxley: Collins. 30s.
The Wilderness is Free by C. A. W. Guggisberg: Bailey Bros. and Swinfen. 42s.
The Long Voyage by H. C. de Mierre: Harold Starke. 45s.
Moorish Spain by Enrique Sordo with photographs by Wim Swaan: Elek Books. 70s.
Porcelain by Hugh Tait: Paul Hamlyn. 15s.

Africa's emergence into our brave new world has within it certain elements of human tragedy. One thing is certain, increasing power is going to pass into the hands of the African, and he will have to decide with whom he is going to throw in his lot. It is almost inconceivable that he can elect to remain native and pagan. This period of transition, and of agonising decisions, is dealt with most sympathetically and effectively by Colin M. Turnbull, Assistant Curator to the American Museum of Natural History, in his book *The Lonely African*. Mr Turnbull sums up the problem confronting the African with telling directness. To go forward is to abandon the past in which the roots of his being have their nourishment; to go backward is to cut himself off from the future. The African has been taught to abandon his old ways, yet he is not properly accepted in the new world even when he has mastered its ways. There seems to be no bridge, and this is the source of his loneliness. As one tribesman said to Mr Turnbull: "You white men have stolen our life from us forever." In the coming struggle in Africa we would do well perhaps to bear Mr Turnbull's words in mind, but how to profit by them is another matter.

If man's destiny in Africa is in a state of uncertainty, the same can also be said of the wild life of the continent. In 1960 Juliette Huxley accompanied her husband Sir Julian Huxley on a tour of central and East Africa with the object of reporting to Unesco. Her book—the first she has ever written—*Wild Lives of Africa*, is one notable result of that journey. She writes with wit, learning and sharp observation, evoking the unique atmosphere of Africa, and she writes with pity for all the insensate slaughter that has gone and for the vast upsetting of the unique balances of nature. Lady Huxley ends on a note of stern warning: "The traveller cannot be blind to the dire consequences of man's gradual dominance over the rest of nature—It is time to take stock of the situation: 10 per cent. of an irreplaceable order of creation remains in a diminishing habitat, shrunk by the constant devouring expansion of man and his works." For man and beast in Africa the prospect is indeed a dismal one.

The Wilderness is Free focuses on the wild life of Africa in a magnificent series of photographs taken by Professor C. A. W. Guggisberg during 25 years' close acquaintance with the game reserves, the national parks and remoter places of the continent. In a foreword Peter Scott, Chairman of the World Wildlife Fund, gives the same dire warning as Juliette Huxley. "Unless people band together now in a great concerted effort," he declares, "the photographs in such books as this, together with a few films and stuffed specimens in museums will be all that our children's grandchildren will have to remind them of these lost treasures of nature."

The number of men still living who sailed as youths in the clipper ships during "the last kick of romantic sail," rounding the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, is of course diminishing rapidly. Their reminiscences are a notable source of interest, and the more detailed they are the more fascinating. H. C. de Mierre, who was born in Manchester in 1890 and who sailed on his first voyage just before his 15th birthday, served four years' apprenticeship in the full rigged ships *Maine* and *Arno*, and later went into steam before

love, jealousy and rampant self-pity. Mr de Polnay sorts them out ingeniously and makes a very readable novel in the process.

Sea Dance by Ewart Brookes: Jarrolds. 15s, tells a grimmer story than its title would suggest, at least in its beginning which is concerned with a gale, a rocky shore, a small yacht and one survivor, a girl. Her rescuers from a nearby village soon take her to their hearts and join with her in a battle to save the little ship from complete destruction. But it is a battle indeed and while it is being waged we see not only the girl's but the characteristics of her new friends being revealed. Mr Brookes has a pleasant simplicity of style and a sea-going background of his own which enables him to write with authority.

Holiday For A Spy by Bruce Graeme: Hutchinson. 15s, has elements of the spy story, the thriller, the detective story and the travel guide; a combination which makes for pretty spirited reading. Mr Graeme's hero is nothing if not a good traveller even when obliged to join a touring party, and in the course of the story he nips about from Nancy to the Brenner Pass and from Bregenz to Bolzano with the greatest nonchalance. It makes cheerful reading in which even violence is not allowed to be repulsive and everything (how did you guess?) turns out well in the end.

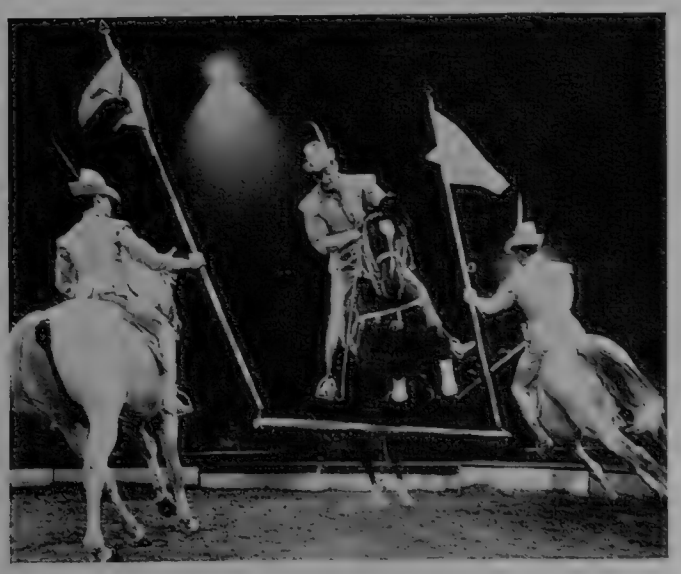
Warmaster by Philip McCutchan: Harrap. 16s, features the dynamic Commander Shaw, another gentleman whom the call of duty invariably leads straight into the most desperate adventures. New York and the Argentine come into the story and so do the machinations of a SMERSH-like organisation which frequently outwits both the British and the American Intelligence Services. Mr McCutchan is not overly bothered by literary pretensions and his story rattles along at a most commendable speed. **Vernon Fane**

finally ending up in the respectable atmosphere of banking, finance and industrial management. *The Long Voyage* is an account of life aboard the *Maine*, washing down the decks, hauling the ropes, polishing the brass, and greasing the masts. Apprentice de Mierre, a tough Lancastrian, clearly revelled in it. In all he travelled 66,000 miles in that good ship, which in the 24 years of her life actually cut her furrow through a million miles of ocean. His account of a Christmas day in Calcutta Roads with the captain and his mates as the genial hosts to their apprentices has an almost Pickwickian flavour of good cheer.

Finally, here are two illustrated books of rare enchantment. Enrique Sordo's *Moorish Spain*, with photographs in colour and half-tone by Wim Swaan, reveals the wonderland of art and architecture to be found in the streets, churches and palaces of Cordoba, Seville and Granada. Here indeed is an exotic heritage which, save perhaps in India, has no equal anywhere in the world. Hugh Tait's *Porcelain* presents 90 works of art, some celebrated, some known in the narrower world of the connoisseur. **Richard Edmonds**

In the issue of December 14, the price of the paperback edition of Francis Willmot's *The Human Touch in Industry* was incorrect. It is 5s.

CHRISTMAS CIRCUS



The Bertram Mills Circus season at Olympia is in full swing, open until the beginning of February. Among the acts this year are (top) The Vrardis, Hungarian springboard acrobats; (above) the Schumanns and their horses in a " Robin Hood " scene; and (left) one of Rudi Leinz's chimpanzees on stilts. As usual, the circus has a wide range of animal acts and its clowns led by Coco.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **DR S. L. SIMPSON**

Dr Samuel Leonard Simpson is Chairman of S. Simpson Ltd., the clothing manufacturers established in 1894 and of Simpson Piccadilly Ltd: He is also President of Simpson Imports Inc., New York, Daks USA Inc., and Daks Canada Ltd. The son of Simeon and Sarah Simpson, he first intended to follow a career in the field of science and research. After gaining first-class honours in both parts of the Natural Science Tripos at Cambridge, he carried out post-graduate research in the USA, Germany and the Lister Institute, London. At Cambridge, he was captain of the University Boxing team. Dr Simpson is consultant endocrinologist at St. Mary's Hospital, London, and a member of the Academic Committee of the Institute of Social Psychiatry and of the British National Council for Rehabilitation. In 1939, he founded the Simpson Services Club, initially for the use of Commonwealth officers passing through London, but later as an important reception centre for all the allies. Following the death of his brother, Alexander Simpson, Dr Simpson joined the Simpson Group of companies as Deputy Chairman in 1938 and succeeded Lord Barnby as Chairman in 1957. He is a Member of the London and South Eastern Regional Council of the FBI and a past member of its Grand Council. He is the author of scientific publications including *Major Endocrine Disorders* (OUP) and of articles for *Chambers's Encyclopaedia.* He married Heddy Monique de Fanto in 1940 and has one daughter, at present in her first year at Stanford University, California. Dr Simpson lives in Portland Place, London and at Colgate, Sussex, where he has an 800-acre farm. A member of the Carlton Club and of the Sunningdale Golf Club, in 1961 he initiated the Walter Hagen annual award for Anglo-American friendship, in conjunction with the Golf Writers' Association of America. The first three awards went to Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones and Francis Ouimet. Dr Simpson's other hobby is landscape painting, and a number of them have been reproduced as Christmas cards

HEAVYWEIGHT LAGGARD

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

British machine tools, at the turn of 1963, have seldom been more internationally competitive—or much less busy. In the three months to October, the industry's exports were nearly 25 per cent. higher than in the same months of 1962; and the 1962 export total had been about 20 per cent. higher than in 1961. Yet the industry's total business situation remains pretty parlous. Its total order book for home and abroad at the end of September represented only about six to seven months' work, reckoned against the rate of deliveries that it achieved early this year; since then its output has been cut back, to stretch the business out longer. And though the manufacturers' actual export deliveries have shot up so dramatically, their new orders for abroad have not matched up this year; so it seems rather uncertain how long these record exports can go on.

The machine tool industry, which works for nothing but exports and home investment, demonstrates this continued lag in British engineering demand most starkly; but wherever investment makes up a large slice of an industry's activity, the recovery still seems pretty slow. In the third quarter of this year, it is true, output in mechanical as well as electrical engineering began to increase after a year of stagnation; but in a group of engineering industries that are mainly concerned with capital goods, production is still estimated to be only about 3 per cent. higher than a year ago, which is considerably less than the average for manufacturing industry as a whole. Construction in the third quarter of the year, again, was disappointing, without much sign of having caught up the building output lost in the 1962-63 winter. It is true that signs of forward demand for both these industrial sectors were far more encouraging than they are for machine tools; orders have been building up faster than deliveries can satisfy, and the industries ought to achieve bigger increases in output over the next few months.

Even so, capital investment in manufacturing industry remains the laggard heavyweight in Britain's industrial prospects for next year. There is a boom on the way in public investment, led by the electricity supply industry; this has taken longer to build up than Whitehall planned, but since the public money and the intention to spend are certainly there, we can be sure that public investment will go on mounting next year to the highest rate in British history. Private housebuilding remains high, in spite of some hints of slackening in demand down the road. Investment by business other than manufacturing—for example, in retail distribution—has been a shade higher this year than last and is expected to rise during 1964. But there isn't much sign yet of the recovery in manufacturing investment that most forecasters have been predicting since the end of last year; and the signs that can be seen do not suggest that when the recovery does materialise it will be an industrial investment boom of the 1959-60 order.

It is already clear that two of the biggest spenders in that 1959-and-onwards boom, steel and motors, won't be repeating that performance for a while. They have both been expanding output fast enough of late (for steel, the upturn was delayed, but has been quite sharp), but are comfortably within their limits of capacity. Virtually no new car is really hard to get at the present; nor does any manufacturer have to wait long for his steel deliveries. Both of these industries, too, could increase their effective capacity quite rapidly from now on without spending nearly as much as they did for an equivalent increase some years ago: it would be simply a matter of putting extra machinery into installations that were laid down with plenty of spare room and service facilities.

This is a very comfortable situation for everyone except the makers of capital goods—and, perhaps, the innovators. Development engineers will tell you that new techniques come in most easily when industry is in a phase of expansion anyway, so that there is new equipment going in and it might just as well be modern. Britain and most European economies are at present in a phase rather like that of some American industries in the last few years: with capacity ample or easily stretched to cover the growth that manufacturers can reasonably expect. This means that a manufacturer has to decide on innovation as a reason in itself for specific investment—simply to save costs, rather than to increase output and save costs in passing. The time comes when a firm will be driven or inspired into this—it has come, in recent years, in the United States—but for any management such a decision represents more of a wrench than simply spending for expansion.

The innovators, at any rate, are not disposed to give British industrial development over the last five years or so very high marks for the adoption of new techniques. Computer experts such as Dr Bowden, of Manchester University, have been belabouring British industrialists for "throwing away our lead" in computer development, by sheer laziness in accepting these complicated tools of management. Whether or not we ever had any genuine industrial lead in computers, it is certainly true to say that Britain has never matched the United States for sheer eagerness to put them to work in business; and various Continental countries such as Germany are now installing them faster than we are here.

No industrial country is quite as active in self-reproach as Britain; and it may be that some of our competitors have some important shortcomings, too, swept and kept more decently under the carpet. Over the last 12 months, at any rate, Britain has managed to hold its competitive position in world trade rather better than in most years since the war; and our rate of growth, on which so much anxious attention has been focused by Neddy, has been nearer matching Continental rates too.

This may well continue during 1964. The British economy, even with investment lagging, is expanding at the rate of some 5 per cent. a year and is unlikely to slow much in 1964. Most of the Continental economies other than Germany are expecting much more modest growth rates than they achieved in 1962, having had some slackening this year; and Germany is not expecting national output to expand as much as we hope in Britain. It is true that wages are beginning to accelerate faster than output here, so that prices may be pushed up faster too; but this has not yet happened here, in contrast to runaway inflation in France and something nearly as troublesome in Italy. Britain is not yet having to apply the brake to its gathering industrial recovery; we have possibly a year of "full speed ahead" in front of us, though no government could now afford to apply any further stimuli, whatever the political attractions. By next year, even if incomes can be held in line with growth, the economy may be pressing hard on capacity. And by then, perhaps, manufacturers may decide to invest in increasing it.

The 36,000-ton Cunard liner *Mauretania* is high and dry in the Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, as she is overhauled ready for the cruising season. Her schedule starts on January 14 when she sails from Southampton for the West Indies

DIAMONDS IN INDUSTRY

by **John Burls** *B.Sc., Manager, Industrial Diamond Information Bureau*

506 To obtain one diamond of gem quality, weighing perhaps a carat or 1/142nd of an ounce, something like 250 tons of rock and gravel must be mined, processed, and discarded. In so doing, other diamonds will be obtained, of no value as gems because of imperfections in their shape and colour, but nevertheless immensely valuable to industry. For diamond, the hardest substance known, can cut other hard material, whether natural or synthetic, with a speed, precision and economy unequalled by other tools. (Given identical applications a diamond shows less than one tenth of the wear of corundum, the next hardest substance.) Without diamond much of our present-day precision engineering capability would not exist.

Diamond is carbon in crystalline form. If heated to a temperature in excess of 1,200 deg. C (or very nearly the temperature at which steel melts) the bonds between the carbon atoms can be loosened and the diamond converted to graphite; understandably an experiment not often performed.

The annual production of industrial diamond both natural and synthetic is in the region of 30 million carats, of which synthetic accounts for some 3 to 4 million carats, and resources are such that this figure could be increased to cope with any foreseeable demand. Natural diamond is obtained largely from the Congo and sells, as does synthetic diamond, at an average of £1 a carat (a gem diamond uncut, will sell for up to £800 a carat). Nearly 80 per cent. of all diamond mined is of industrial quality.

Diamond has been used as a work tool since at least Biblical times. Jeremiah wrote that "The sins of Judah will be inscribed with the point of a diamond." The Roman scientist Pliny mentioned industrial diamond in AD 77. Up to the 18th century diamond was widely used for glass cutting and scribing, and in 1779 a certain J. Ramsden, far ahead of his time, used diamond for screw cutting. The demand for significant quantities of industrial diamond began shortly before World War II, with the increasing use of tungsten carbide tools to machine the new harder metals and alloys, for only diamond could effectively form and grind the carbide tools. Today, the precise fabrication of a host of materials unheard of only 25 years ago—such as the ultra-hard ceramics, laminated plastics and new metal alloys—is made possible only by the availability of industrial diamond tools.

Industry uses diamond either as single stones, or as crushed powder, the latter accounting for 75 per cent. of the total usage. Single stones are used for core drilling bits, wire drawing dies and lathe turning and boring tools, and are widely used to reshape and renew other abrasive wheels.

Powder is used in a variety of ways; in wheels for sharpening and grinding carbide, carbide tools, glass, plastics and ceramics; as paste—for shaping, finishing and polishing steel, diamond and carbide dies, and watch and other instrument bearings; in saws—for cutting concrete, stone masonry, glass, plastics and ceramics; and in thin wall drills for masonry and glass.

Diamond cutting, a considerable industry in its own right, consumes large quantities of industrial diamond, which however are largely self-generated in the transformation of the high quality rough diamonds into cut and polished gems; an undertaking made possible because of two fortunate physical properties of the diamond—that it has planes along which it can be cleaved and that, although so hard, it can be crushed to a powder with which to grind facets on other diamonds.

Above: The Big Hole of the Premier Mine in the Transvaal. Here in 1905 was discovered the Cullinan Diamond of over 3,000 carats. **Right:** A Cartier necklace of pear-shaped Marquise and Baguette diamonds, with brilliant cut gems. Valued at £23,000

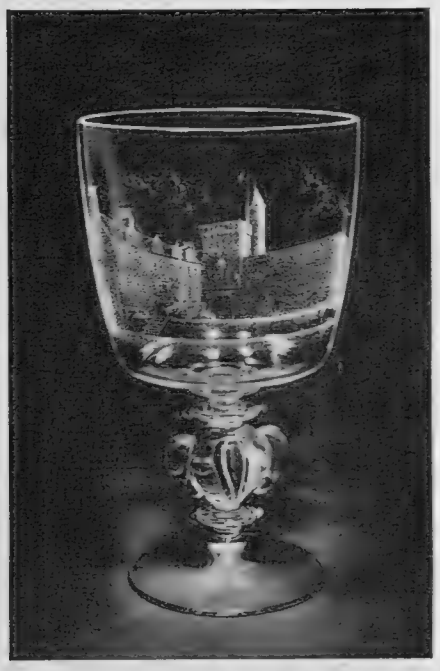
Diamonds, in one way or another, are involved in the production of a surprisingly large number of industrial and consumer goods, and there can be few who do not have daily contact with some product a diamond has helped to make.

Diamonds, for instance, hone out the cylinders of many car engines. They machine the valve boxes of brass instruments, and the precision brass and aluminium parts of movie cameras. The best ball-point pens have diamond dust in the ball, for easier writing. Modern dental drills use diamonds and modern long-life record player styli are made from them. Plastic toys and model kits are produced with such perfect detail because diamond powder has lapped the moulds to ultra fine tolerances. In the glass industry they use diamond for edging and bevelling, particularly for car windows. The list could be continued at considerable length.

But there are other, more exotic uses. For example, the current *Continued on page 508*

Left: A diamond-impregnated slitting disk is used to cut blown glass tubes into sections

Below: The goblet diamond engraved as a wedding present for Princess Alexandria. 18 in. high it took ten days to complete



Above: Engraving a glass with a diamond stylus. **Left:** Applying diamond paste in order to polish a forged steel roll

DIAMONDS IN INDUSTRY *continued from page 506*

Mohole project which involves drilling under the sea through the earth's crust with diamond bits; and the Mercury space capsules of the American astronauts, which owe their existence to the use of diamonds in the manufacture of their micro miniature components, and contain seven miles of wire drawn through diamond dies.

Diamonds also have civil engineering applications. They are used, up to now mainly in America, but undoubtedly increasingly in this country and throughout Europe, for the removal of surface irregularities in concrete highways and airport runways, and for sawing contraction joints in concrete roads laid in continuous strips; while building engineers use them to cut, saw and drill concrete in all its forms. They are used in rock and deep-well drilling to ensure a long bit life—recently in South Africa a 2-inch bore hole was sunk to a world record depth of 14,093 ft., or over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, using diamond drills.

Many of the industries today reaping the benefits of diamond tools do so because of the extensive research and development undertaken by the industry which supplies them—the diamond tool industry. Twenty years ago this industry consumed 5 million carats annually. This year the consumption will be nearer 25 million carats.

Supplementing and stimulating this research are the De Beers diamond research laboratories in Johannesburg, which have led the way in devising new experimental techniques and investigating and suggesting new commercial applications. The semi-conducting type IIB diamond, which opens exciting possibilities in the electronics field, is one of their successful discoveries.

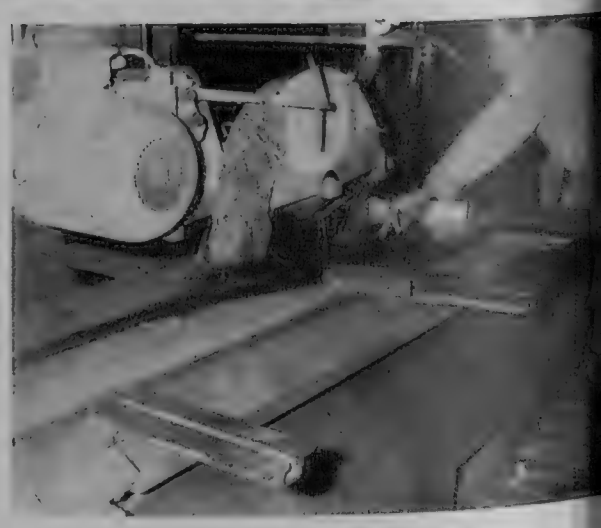
In 1955 diamonds were synthesised in commercially feasible quantities in the United States and four years later, as a result of independent research, by the De Beers Adamant Research Laboratory in Johannesburg. This was a technological breakthrough. Since the late 19th century scientists and experimenters had unsuccessfully attempted the synthesis of diamond. The principle of submitting carbon to ultra-high temperatures and pressures was known, but the techniques to produce the necessary apparatus were not. Synthetic diamonds have the same physical, chemical and optical properties as natural diamond, but are very small, and of course worthless as gem diamonds. They are generally accepted as being most suitable in resin-bond grinding wheels for grinding tungsten carbide.

A brief survey such as this can do little more than skim over the surface of an increasingly complex but continually interesting and fascinating subject; for those who would like to know more, the Industrial Diamond Information Bureau (2 Charterhouse Street, London) is at their disposal.

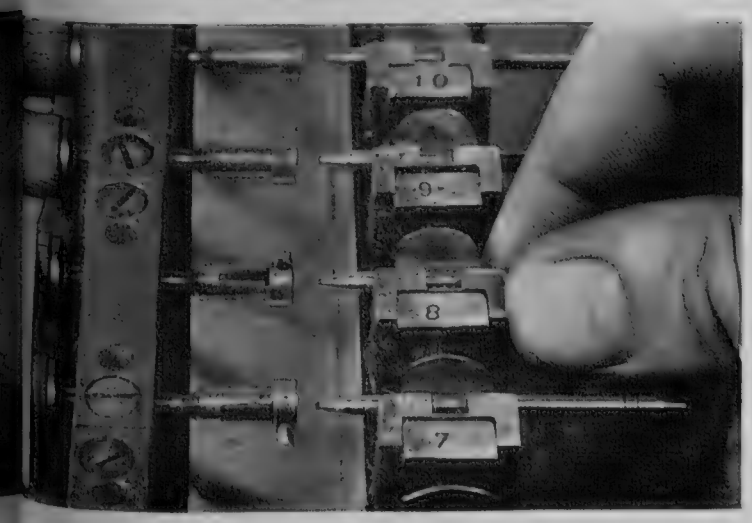
In this age of continuing technological discovery and development, the demand for specialised ultra-hard materials must be self-maintaining, and the future for industrial diamond as the optimum cutter and abrasive looks bright. With an assured supply of both natural and synthetic diamond, industry can unhesitatingly take full advantage of its unique properties.

Above: This Jointmaster machine, with four diamond-impregnated blades, saws contraction joints in newly laid concrete on the Paris-Lyons motorway

Right: A skilled machinist is equipped with an 18 in. segmented diamond disk to cut stair treads in marble



A selection of diamond coring and drilling
rom Christensen Diamond Products Company



Above: A close-up of a diamond polishing scaife. The arms holding each diamond are adjustable and can be advanced across the plate as wear takes place

Left: These needles which have been smeared with diamond paste are used to pierce watch jewels

DIAMONDS IN INDUSTRY *continued from page 509*

Left: Operating a vibrating table which sorts diamond grit by shape
Below: A calibration trolley for the presses used in the synthetic process

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

FINANCIAL GROUP BLUES

by The Sphere City Correspondent

While the stock market as a whole continues in fine fettle, paying more attention to the strength of the economy than the prospect of the general election, one sector—the financial group of shares—remains in the doldrums. So far this year *The Financial Times* all-share index has risen something over 12½ per cent. but that of the 'financial group' has fallen some 6 per cent. Analysed more closely, Discount Houses' shares are down about 1 per cent., Hire Purchase companies 2 per cent., merchant banks 8 per cent., composite insurance companies 9 per cent., banks 12 per cent. and life insurance companies over 15 per cent. What are the reasons for these falls; are they justified and is there scope for some judicious buying of shares in this sector?

Surprisingly, perhaps, in view of the fact that all these companies can be loosely grouped into the 'financial' sector, the reason for the recent lack of investment favour differs in each case. The life insurance sector is especially prone to political influences: the reason life insurance shares have fallen by some 30 per cent. from their high points last year is chiefly fear that a Labour government would introduce more comprehensive state pensions. This might affect the growth of private pension plans on which the life companies have recently been thriving. Even the present State pension schemes, introduced by the Conservatives, have taken some of the edge off future growth of this side of the life companies' business. The shares have therefore come in for some critical reassessment, and though attractive by recent levels, should probably be left alone except by those who are confident of a Conservative victory in the election.

The composite insurance companies, that is those that are concerned with underwriting fire, theft, etc., as well as life, have been under a cloud for some two years in the stock market largely because of their dismal experience in the United States. Recently there has been some evidence that companies and their agents have become more discriminating in North America, but against that there have been some severe losses from fires in this country. Insurance companies traditionally pay their shareholders' dividends out of their own invested funds and the steady rise in dividends from industrial companies over the past few months should enable them to be more liberal next year. However, for the moment this is perhaps a sector to be left alone except for the initiated who can pick and choose between individual company performance.

Turning next to hire purchase companies, one has the phenomenon of low share prices at a time when business and indeed profits must be showing a sharp improvement. The hire purchase companies have now had a year or more of falling or low bank rate—and thus low interest charges on the massive sums they borrow. Yet at the same time, they have had a rising volume of business as sales of cars have gathered momentum over the year. Their margins should be showing a radical improvement. Yet investors are afraid that competition will lead to indiscriminate acceptance of business and increased bad debts (as in the 1959-61 spree). In addition, the decision by Ford Motor to set up its own HP company and the growing practice of the big car dealers to do their own HP means, say the nervous, that growth of the HP companies themselves must be hampered. In fact, the low level of personal HP debt in this country compared with America and the scope for variations and innovations in HP suggest that for some years these companies have ample scope. United Dominions Trust shares, for instance, at around their year's low of 33s to yield 4 per cent., look attractive for recovery.

From hire purchase companies to discount houses is only a step or two across the City, but a world away in factors that affect profits. The discount houses make their money by lending short but borrowing even shorter. Acting as a pool between the Bank of England and all the 150-odd banks in the City, they take care of the surpluses and shortages of cash at the end of each day's business. When bank rate is falling, they do well (as indeed their last profits showed and their next ones early in the New Year are expected to show). But when bank rate begins to rise, they find the going rougher. With bank rate now static but the probability of the next move being upwards, the prospects for discount houses are less favourable than for the past two years. Their shares should probably be sold

A useful switch might be out of discount houses into banks, that is into the clearing banks (Barclays, the Midland, etc.). For while bank rate has been falling and advances to customers have been slack, the clearing banks have had little scope for profits growth. But recently, bank advances have been rising steeply and with the economy buoyant the chances are that advances will continue to rise. If there is a move in bank rate, it will probably be upwards which will help the banks' profit margins; while thanks to recent relaxation the banks' liquidity ratio has been lowered, allowing them to lend more than last year. It is true that the clearing banks may make rights issues in the New Year but, even so, their shares are standing little off their low points and are attractive on an 18-month view.

As for the merchant banks, the composition of their profits is never revealed. But it can be assumed that in a year in which the clearing banks are lending liberally, there will not be much increase in demand for the acceptance facilities of merchant banks. On the other hand, the recent spate of new issues and rights issues, coupled with a resurgence of foreign-loan business in London, must mean that most of the merchant banks' issue departments are busy. On a rising stock market, their investment departments should have done well and the official statistics show that their deposits continue to grow. However, competition is increasing—hardly a month goes by without a City merchant bank opening branch offices in the Midlands or the North, and most recently the Midland Bank (which could snap up half-a-dozen merchant banks if it chose to buy them) has just announced links with both European and Commonwealth banks. This could be a clearing bank's first move into merchant banking. But at present, merchant bank shares are nearer their low points than their highs, and look reasonable.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

A further step in the development of Dawley, Shropshire, one of Birmingham's new towns, was taken when a social relations officer was appointed. The post has gone to Mr B. G. H. Brooke Taylor, who brings to his new task experience in the same kind of work at Peterlee new town, County Durham, and previously at Hemel Hempstead new town. His earlier interests were in publishing. Mr Brooke Taylor, who is 50, with an 18-year-old daughter, was introduced to his new colleagues by Sir Reginald Pearson, chairman of Dawley Development Corporation, who said the appointment had been made at this early stage to enable planning consultants to obtain the specialised knowledge Mr Brooke Taylor will bring with him before any irrevocable decisions are made.

It is an appointment in what is rapidly becoming apparent as a Dawley tradition. Sir Reginald, himself a man who learned from his early days on the shop floor how important is the human aspect in every walk of life, has laid down just this sort of principle for Dawley. "In our preoccupation with problems of design and construction, let us never lose sight of the individual. Anyone with enough money can hire the skills necessary to build houses, factories, churches or pubs—but it is only the people who can give them life," was what he said when recently he was addressing the Birmingham Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The problems of construction which face Mr John Madin, the Birmingham architect who is designing Dawley, are familiar—spoil heaps and dozens of uncharted pit workings from the early days of the Industrial Revolution. But he regards the site as offering much more scope than an ordinary flat surface—and he at once shares and inspires Sir Reginald's belief in the supreme importance of a town as a place for people. All in all, Dawley could well become one of the pleasantest of all the new towns in which to live and work. If the problems of the site are overcome, it should be visually exciting as well.

Planner of precincts

A man who has left an almost imperishable legacy in one of Britain's fastest-growing cities, Coventry, leaves next October to become head of the newly created department of Architecture and Civic Planning at Nottingham University. He is, of course, Mr Arthur Ling, who followed a distinguished predecessor, Sir Donald Gibson, and at once set about moulding the latter's ideas into a city where motorists and pedestrians could move about without conflict. The pedestrian precincts in Coventry have become known all over the world.

A vice-president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, he received in 1957 an award for distinction in town planning from that august body. More recently he has been concerned with a colleague, Mr Stewart Johnson, in preparing plans for the new University of Warwick at Coventry, and is joint architect for the ambitious scheme.

But professional honours apart, he will be remembered kindly in Coventry for the unassuming humanity with which he has tackled his job. It was characteristic, for example, that a year or two ago he initiated a city-wide scheme asking ratepayers just what *they* would like to see in Coventry—and that several of the ideas put forward have been taken up.

Workman's reward 511

Now on a three months' sea/air/land tour of the world, taking in India, Pakistan, Hong Kong and Australasia is Mr John Smith, a worker on the shop floor at Guest Keen and Nettlefolds' Screws and Fasteners Division at Smethwick. This is the first time that the company—or, in my recollection, any Midland company—has sent a workman on such a trip. It is partly by way of saying "Thank you" to a first-rate man who has served the company for 48 years since joining as an oil boy at 13. Since then he has made dozens of improvements to the company's plant, saving thousands of pounds.

He is, indeed, the company's top shop floor inventor, and hopes to bring back quite a few ideas from his tour. His father, who also worked at GKN for half a century, was similarly well regarded. It is good to be able to add, as a footnote, that Mrs Smith is accompanying her husband—at the company's expense.

Oil by rail

British Railways, more used to brickbats, came in for a deserved pat on the back from the Esso oil people when a high-speed oil tank train arrived nearly an hour ahead of schedule at their Birmingham depot from the Fawley refinery at Southampton. More than 500 yards long, it was the biggest single "drop" of oil carried by BR—over 2,000 tons. Previously the oil had been carried on 25-car trains of 500 tons each. Five of these large trains—rising later to eight—are planned to serve the Midlands' needs each week. Esso prepared the way by building over 1,000 rail cars with vacuum brakes and roller bearings, capable of speeds up to 60 m.p.h.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

I have often bemoaned the fact that we do not get such light wines as Beaujolais in their first flush of youth on this side of the Channel. I have drunk Beaujolais in Paris and elsewhere in France as little as three months after the vintage and found its immature freshness most attractive. One must remember, of course, that the wine had not been bottled, but served direct from the wood, and this in itself would be impossible over here. On the other hand one seldom sees a Beaujolais offered for sale here which is less than two years old, and surprisingly these simple wines are regarded as worth drinking when they are considerably older than that. This seems rather pointless to me, for age certainly does not improve this kind of wine. When I have raised this question with friends in the wine trade the answer I got was nearly always the same: the British public are more impressed by age on the label than they ought to be, and the trade must cater for this taste.

Morgan Furze and Co., the wine merchants, appear to be the first to realise this anomaly and what's more they are doing something about it. Perhaps not going quite as far as they might have done, but any progress is worth noting. They have shown a 1962 Beaujolais Villages at their recent Tasting as an experiment. They said that they were interested to find out whether wine lovers in this country are disposed to accept, as in France (sic!), *very young* Beaujolais bottled within six months of the vintage and drunk within 12 months (my italics). I was very favourably impressed by this wine, it is full of freshness and charm, but only the future will tell if the experiment has succeeded. Whatever the result, praise is due to Messrs Morgan Furze for trying.

Another interesting wine at the same Tasting was a Hungarian one, Janos Riesling, introduced for the first time by this firm. If it was not distinguished in any way, it was clean, pleasantly drinkable, and remarkably good value; it is to retail at 7s 6d a bottle. I was told that the vineyard where it is grown is one of the few in Europe to have withstood the scourge of phylloxera.

Apart from these two curiosities, it was a fine collection of better-known wines. Of the clarets I was particularly impressed by the Château Lynch Bages 1955 (24s) and the Château Croizet-Bages 1953, which showed a particularly fine bouquet. There was a delicious Batard Montrachet 1960 (a year in which the whites fared better in Burgundy than the reds) at 19s, and some very fine German wines. Among the Burgundy and Rhone red wines Château des Fines Roches was unusual in that contrary to the usual custom of the Châteauneuf-du-Pape district, it was not a single vintage wine but a blend of different vintages. Normally there the wines are not bottled before they are four years old; presumably this blend contains older and younger wines to produce a good balance of maturity and freshness. It retails at 15s.

Champagne Irroy have joined the ranks of those houses which in addition to their normal vintage and non-vintage wines also produce a superior blend at a higher price. They have just introduced Cuvée Marie Antoinette (1955 to start with) to retail at 41s 6d a bottle. The firm at the same time is abandoning its Blanc de Blancs. All the best champagnes are a blend of wines from black and white grapes, a perfect balance of these produces the most desirable qualities in the wine. Blanc de Blancs are a minority taste and are relatively rare. Irroy's explanation for abandoning theirs is that they would find it difficult to satisfy the demand if the blanc de blancs became too popular.

The unfortunate Queen of France is known to have visited Château Irroy (which was also destroyed in the Revolution) and to have tasted its famous wines in 1786 during her stay at Louvois. The label on the bottle of the new wine commemorates this event, and shows Marie Antoinette's arrival at the Château. It is based on an old print.

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BUCHANAN ON THE SHELF?

512 I was a little disappointed to read a report of a recent speech by Mr T. G. D. Galbraith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, in which he commented on the Buchanan Report. It gave me the impression that the Transport Ministry, at any rate, does not intend to take much immediate, positive action on the Report. On the contrary, it reeked of complacency. It seemed to suggest that while the Ministry agrees with what Buchanan has to say, it feels that policy decisions already taken will be sufficient, for the time being, to start implementing the kind of planning programme outlined in the Report.

Mr Galbraith said there were four main lines of approach. First, they must plan from a knowledge of urban transport needs. (The Government got off the mark two years ago, said Mr Galbraith, with the London Traffic Survey.) Secondly, local government had an important part to play. (The reorganisation of local government which was already in hand would help to produce a structure better suited to the country's traffic problems.) Thirdly, increasing resources would be needed. (The Government was planning that public expenditure should rise from £50 million in 1963 to £140 million by 1970.) Point four: Public transport must be improved. ("This is a much harder problem, but I am sure it can be solved.")

Mr Galbraith ended his speech by passing the buck and putting the main responsibility for implementing the Buchanan Plan on town planners and highway engineers. I am sure these professions will play a noble part but they will need leadership, encouragement and inspiration. In my view they can best expect to get these things from the proposed regional development authorities.

Need for compulsory safety belts

While the US, France and other countries are insisting that all new cars shall have safety belts for the front seats, Britain is marking time. We have it on the authority of Lord Chesham, speaking in the House of Lords, that our Transport Minister "does not consider it appropriate to make the wearing of belts compulsory." Lord Chesham—another Parliamentary Secretary in the Transport Ministry—spoke of objections to legislation requiring belts to be fitted without requiring them to be worn. A Road Research Laboratory analysis provides the latest expert appraisal of the value of safety belts. It is this: When belts are worn, the risk of serious injury to drivers and front seat passengers is reduced by 79 per cent. and of slight injury by 38 per cent.

The latest major propaganda effort in support of safety belts is a film made by Irvin, of parachute fame, who are also in the car safety belt business. It is a colour film which punches home very powerfully the tragedy and waste of road fatalities and the protection afforded by safety belts of the right type. The film features the widow of a famous Barnet footballer who was killed in a car crash and the narrative swings from Saturday morning shopping in suburbia to the dramatic safety belt tests carried out by the British Standards Institution, with dummies strapped to bogies running on wheels at high speeds and suddenly braked to a standstill.

Here's another item of safety belt news: Lexington Products have announced a new belt of the lap-and-diagonal-strap type which costs 95s and has these features: one-handed adjustment without risk of trapping the fingers; and quick-release anchorage points which permit the belt to be detached in a few seconds for cleaning or fitting to another car.

Making the traffic flow

The new Motoring Defence League has come out with a long list of recommendations for making Britain's road traffic flow more freely and for improving the deteriorating relationship between the police and the motoring public. Most of them are old hat but the League at least deserves credit for putting forward positive proposals instead of merely castigating authority for doing nothing or doing the wrong things. I think, however, that the League has listed so many different suggestions, and presented them in such an indigestible way, that most of the people who read this new policy statement will find it a little off-putting.

The League's demands—supported by motorists of the calibre of Lord Strathcarron, Lord Montagu and Mr Graham Hill—range from a complete revision of Britain's motoring laws, to the establishment of special motoring courts; from the abolition of parking meters in favour of discs, to compulsion on local authorities to provide enough off-street parking "to hold the majority of cars normally parked within the council's boundaries."

Briefly. . . . Just published: *Motor Racing Year 1963-4* (Foulis and Co. 15s). Edited by John Blunsden and Alan Brinton, this Knightsbridge publication expertly and entertainingly reviews the past racing season. It contains a wealth of pictures, and the authors make a lot of sound comment.

Co-drivers of the BSM High Performance Course demonstrate driving techniques during the inauguration of the new HPC Centre at Mallory Park in Leicestershire. Launched 19 months ago, the HPC now has 400 "members," including Prince Michael, Viscount Eden and Mr Donald Stokes, Managing Director of Leyland

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, December 28, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

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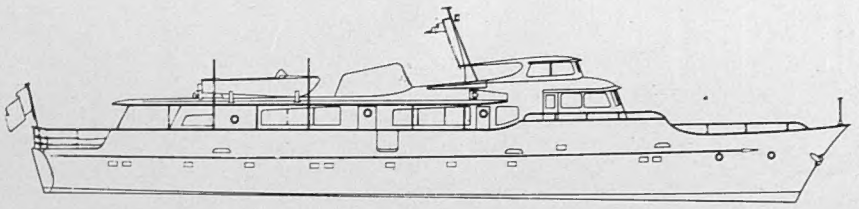

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